

The War Cry

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA & BERMUDA

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A NOBLE LEGACY



WILLIAM BOOTH

FOUNDER AND FIRST GENERAL OF
THE SALVATION ARMY

BORN APRIL 10th, 1829

LAI D DOWN HIS SWORD AUGUST 20th, 1912

I thank God for his unbroken service to man -- given disinterestedly to the people of all nations; for his abandonment to the will of God, maintained until the day he died; for his genius, which he laid at the foot of the Cross when still a boy . . . The lustre of William Booth's example can never be dimmed; his memory can never die.

General Evangeline Booth

A BONNY HANDFUL!

SHORTLY before the triumphant promotion to Glory of William Booth, Founder and first General of The Salvation Army, just fifty years ago, his eldest son and successor, Bramwell, visited his father's room. With a smile that was a flicker of the old spirit, the valiant warrior of a thousand fights said: "I'm leaving you a bonny handful!" Soon afterward the General lapsed into unconsciousness. That statement, delivered with characteristic whimsical humour, could well have been the last coherent words uttered by William Booth, although considerable prominence has naturally been given to the earlier declaration: "The promises of God are sure if you will only believe."

A bonny handful indeed! God saw fit to raise this giant among men and to enlarge his "coasts" from a lone open-air witness in London's East End to the leadership of an Army of redeemed souls whose banner of love was hoisted in all five continents in his lifetime. "On the night that he died", wrote his biographer, Harold Begbie, "thousands of friendless men were sleeping in the shelters of the Army he had founded. In his homes thousands of women rescued by his pure hands from the uttermost ruin of body and soul were praying for him. In every continent a great host of people were sorrowfully telling each other that their father—the father who had sought them out and saved them from immemorial tragedy—was passing from the world. And in countries so ancient as China and so new as America thousands and hundreds of thousands were speaking of him as the man who had brought to their hearts comfort and strength, speaking of him in every slum and kennel of the great cities of the world as

... the happy-tempered bringer of the best
Out of the worst."

That was the noble legacy William Booth left to his son—and to the world. Today The Salvation Army is working in eighty-six countries and colonies, and, through its ministry, the Gospel of Jesus Christ is preached in 140 languages.

IN CANADA

The Army in Canada was four years old when General Booth paid his first visit. "What a magnificent continent this Canada is!" he wrote home. "With territory capable of maintaining some, say, 500 millions of people, there are only about five millions in the whole land, and yet our people are starving at home. I intend to do something in the way of emigration yet worth naming... Here is a nation being made. The people are beautiful; so simple, so thorough, so intelligent, and so full of zeal". That was in 1886! William Booth kept his word and numerous people in this country have reason to thank God and The Salvation Army for making it possible for them to start a new life in a new land.

But this is just a part of the manifold activities that have characterized the Army's work in Canada for eighty years. In addition, it seeks to elevate the defeated and the despairing, house the destitute and homeless, minister to the body, mind and soul, assist the work in other lands, care for the parentless, relieve the aged, guide the unmarried mother, heal the sick, aid the traveller, lead youth to higher heights, find the missing, labour to diminish the sorrows of mankind, befriend the prisoner and his relatives, seek the unchurched, provide for the underprivileged, rehabilitate the alcoholic, help in emergencies, comfort the lonely, and prevent the would-be suicide. A formidable catalogue!

This story can be repeated around the world. Canadian Salvationists are proud to belong to an international movement owing allegiance to one flag and proclaiming a message that means the same in Stockholm as it does in Singapore and Santiago. More than fifty Canadian officers are on missionary service in India, Central America and West Indies, South Africa, Rhodesia, East Africa, Chile, Indonesia, Hong Kong, Malaya, the Congo, Equatorial Africa and Ceylon. Last year the flag was unfurled in Labrador City; this year in Puerto Rico—and so the serial story continues its never-ending run.

ARMY IS SUPRANATIONAL

The "bonny handful" has presented something of a problem to Army leaders at times. With the ever-increasing tide of nationalism sweeping across many countries of the world it has not been easy to maintain the distinctive international expression; since the end of World War II work has been suppressed in China, Czechoslovakia and Hungary, but it is believed that faithful Salvationist witness is being maintained in these countries. The Salvation Army is supranational.

William Booth believed in the brotherhood of man. Bramwell Booth, following this example, declared: "Every land is my fatherland for every land is my Father's." A vision of world need helps us to look away from the four walls of our limited domain and inspires us to do something to make this world a better place because of our interest and influence.

I VISITED . . .

LEONARD W. BROCKINGTON C.M.G., Q.C., LL.D., Pays
His Tribute To The Salvation Army

I HAVE visited ten buildings in Toronto . . . I have spent a little time, but not anything like enough, in the House of Concord, devoted to a new adventure—an attempt to fit into society some of the young men from jails, reformatories and broken homes, perhaps, some of the "beaten" generation, who with help will yet win through.

I visited the Isabel and Arthur Meighen Lodge and the Eventide Home for Aged Men—in very truth havens of rest and refreshment. I visited the great Toronto Grace Hospital, a model of brightness, of cleanliness, of quiet competence. I visited the Welfare Services Department, where advice and help are given to those troubled by family discord, unemployment, by dire need, and many of the other griefs which fall upon the less fortunate amongst us.

I visited the busy Sherbourne Street hostel, where transient and wandering homeless men are given food and lodging, help and advice. I called at the "Homestead", where a noble work has been started for

women who have been brought low by drugs, alcoholism and prostitution. I went to the Men's Social Service industrial centre, where furniture and clothing, electrical devices and household effects are gathered and repaired and distributed to the needy, all the repairs giving employment to worthy men.

I visited the home called "Harbour Light", where so-called alcoholics are helped to set their feet upon the high road of discipline and recovery. I visited the children's home, "The Nest", for orphans and deserted children, and those from broken households.

All these names sound like battle honours on the flag of a famous regiment, and that is just what they are. Everywhere, I found the courtesy and cleanliness, efficiency, a broad humanity, a shining faith, an encouragement to men and women to help themselves, and an unrelenting effort to repair the strength of the mind, the body and the spirit of the bruised and the wayward.

IN TIME OF STRESS

ALTHOUGH the Prime Minister, Mr. Harold Macmillan, did not gain a place as Britain's ten best-dressed men, he did get honourable mention. When under stress, during a recent political battle, he bought a tie. The clothing men said this showed "that when in a crisis, a man—just as much as a woman—can obtain a moment of relief by buying an article of clothing."

We are not told that this was the only thing of note that the prime minister did during those days, but this "moment of relief" did not pass

unnoticed. Other people find other methods of seeking temporary relaxation in a personal crisis. Many find it in the company of good books, and this is commendable.

To turn aside into a book store at such times is a worthwhile hobby, and it is strange how easy it is to alight on just the right phrase, or chapter or book when browsing aimlessly among literature of the right kind. But it has to be of the right kind. The wrong material would provide little consolation in time of stress.

RESISTING THE TRANSISTOR

NOT everyone wants to listen to a ball game relayed at maximum noise level from a pocket transistor radio set late on a Sunday night travelling on a train from Hamilton to Toronto. Nor does every person crossing a busy downtown intersection wish to obey the beckoning green light to the accompaniment of crazy rhythm blaring out mysteriously from the clothing of a fellow traveller.

It is a growing opinion that transistor sets are becoming rather a nuisance—and not only in Canada. An Oxford undergraduate claims to have found the answer in a pocket radio jammer. He says: "Anyone who cares to construct a tunable oscillator covering long and medium waves, using either a single transistor or a single valve, will find he has an effective device for jamming portable and other radios within earshot."

This may be good news to lovers of peace and quiet who have strong

objections to this torment, but, as the concealed jamming device would probably be illegal, it is not recommended. Perhaps it would be easier for legislation to be passed to make the pocket transistors illegal, especially on public vehicles when the comfort of other passengers is disturbed. Or perhaps this would be ignored, as are so many "No Smoking" notices on the railroads!

The WAR CRY

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FROM MY DESK

By the Editor - in - chief

A GLIMPSE OF WILLIAM BOOTH

THE NUMBERS of those who saw the Army's Founder, William Booth, are thinning out. As a very small boy I was privileged to have a glimpse of the old saint just once. It was on one of his annual motorcades. In a big white open car, with red wheels, often accompanied by his son, Bramwell, a few other cars making quite a parade, he would sweep through villages and towns on a strenuous preaching tour that would take perhaps a month. On the one under discussion he had returned from a taxing campaign in Australia, and, at the age of seventy-six, began his motor tour two days after landing in England!

I was living at Dover, England, and I did not remember the exact year when the revered leader visited the town, so I went through the bound volumes of the London WAR CRY that we have here in the Editorial Department until I found the reports of an itinerary that took in Dover. A map published at the time revealed that the journey took the intrepid patriarch from Dover to Canterbury, then west to Winchester, then north to Northampton, Leicester, Derby and so on up to Edinburgh, the cars returning by the east coast to London.

At practically every village, town and city on the route the cars would draw up, the citizens would flock around, and the Founder would address them—words pungent and forceful, stressing the one thing he considered worthy of mention—the salvation of the Lord Jesus Christ. Thousands of persons were thus made to think about their never-dying souls as a result of those flying visits—trips taken in cars that were

full of faults and on roads that were largely unpaved. Braving breakdowns and all kind of weather, the rugged Army leader scornfully waved aside all thoughts of his courage or endurance, and, like the warrior he was, fought his battles to the end.

And what of my memory of him? It was so brief as to be almost anti-climatic. We "juniors"—about fifty of us of below school age—were told to be on hand early on that warm August morning and occupy benches that had been tiered up outside the hall on Biggin Street.

All of a sudden the cavalcade hove in sight, going at a good clip. The Founder, his white beard flowing in the breeze, gave a cheery wave to his "juniors," and—followed by the other cars in the party—was gone to be greeted farther on by the mayor. A few seconds, but a sight that is limned in my brain with the permanency of a steel engraving. I prize that fleeting glimpse of the Founder.



POET'S CORNER

A LILY GREW

VANISHED the brightness of the angel face;
Silent the still small voice that told of
God.

She stood alone, but in the hallowed place
Where Gabriel's heavenly-shining feet had
trod,

There rose a virgin flower to greet the light—
A madonna lily, tall, serene, and white
—Teresa Hooley

POWER IN PRAYER

Tune: "Make me a vessel"

GRANT us, dear Saviour, power in
prayer,
Earth's sins and sorrows, fill us with
care;

Souls lost and dying, deep in despair,
Give me more power, Lord, more power
in prayer.

Mrs. H. Corbett, Brigadier

WIND OF FAITH

THIS earth is very weary
Of the garment it has on;
Of the torn and bloodstained tunic
That is hatred's uniform;
Yet the drums of hate are rolling
Very loud.

Oh, mankind—what has happened
To your dreams of joy and love?
Do no truer values beckon?
No guidance from above?
Yet the drums of hate are rolling
Very loud.

Put on your shining raiment
That will wickedness withstand.
Put aside all thoughts of payment,
And extend the helping hand.
STOP these drums from rolling out
So loud.

There's one thing that can still them,
Wipe out their hellish sound;
Only Love's true note can change them,
Let its clarion calls resound.
To every fevered surface let the wind of faith
Blow round,
And the muted drums will cease their
Rolling loud.

—Leonora Parker, Montreal, P.Q.

WELL SPOKEN!

● There is no outward sign of a true courtesy that does not rest on a deep moral foundation.—Goethe

● With regard to denominational union, some churches regard it as a bright and shining panacea for all ills. It would seem to me that the merger of weakness might simply mean a bigger weakness . . . A huge bureaucratic merger could very well hasten the demise of historical and real Protestantism in that it could all but prohibit the right of dissent.
Norman Vincent Peale

● The re-naming of evil—which has often been attempted during the last two or three thousand years and again in quite recent days—has little or no effect either upon its nature or upon those who are under its mastery. The new label does not change the poison. Its victim is a victim still. Nor does the punishment of sin entirely dispose of it. Sending a patient to hospital is a poor expedient unless we cure his disease. Sending a thief to prison is a poor affair if he remains a thief.
Bramwell Booth

● For the individual, for the society or institution, for the organized expressions of that movement which is more than organization, the Word of the Lord is a fire. Book, organization, societies, are subordinate to the Word. We do not handle it. It handles us, and in the handling it will accomplish that purpose when all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God.
Dr. Norman Goodall

● Instead of that beautiful unity of thought and action which marks the finest character, there is the tragedy of the divided life. When Fate would destroy a man, it first separates his forces. It drives him to think one way and act another; it encourages him to seek through outward stimulation—whether drink or riches or fame—a deceptive and unworthy satisfaction in place of that true contentment which comes only from unity within.
David Grayson

● A man who repeatedly warns us that all is not well is an awkward sort of man to have around the seats of the mighty. Churchill was one. So was Jeremiah. So is any man who sees into reality more deeply than most of the people or their official representatives.

This is what makes a prophet. The gift of prophecy is not having visions, nor consulting mediums, nor peering into crystal balls. It is the gift of understanding some of the reality behind the fleeting fashions of popular thought. Both the Jews and the Greeks, centuries before Christ, understood this far better than we do.

In our soft, comfortable view of Christianity, we usually manage to ignore our Lord's repeated and emphatic warnings that we all live under judgment. Jesus certainly did not present God as a tyrannical old man with a beard who would get angry if you annoyed him. But, in rejecting that idea, we seem also to have lost the Greek awareness of a final judgment, which is at the heart of reality.—Michael Barkway, in The Canadian Churchman

● If the rational aspects of man's nature are not supreme but are subject to forces that well up out of the dark unconscious, then not reason but impulse is the true key to the nature of man. This oversimplification led to the identification of the impulsive with the natural and the good. Give impulse free rein, many seemed to think, and problems will not so much be solved as averted. Disappointment followed. To set reason aside and to try to live by impulse did not solve problems. Old problems were often accentuated and new ones created. Disillusion, despair, and breakdown again tend to go hand in hand.
Henry Kolbe, in "The Christian Home."

● Prior to his Chicago crusade, one of Dr. Graham's detractors at the University of Chicago Divinity School said his crusades leave people 'ten times further behind on their true task.' This is true, he believes, because the crusades represent the 'old-time religion' of frontier days, and not the religion the church should have in its 'emerging role' in metropolis.

Now that the Chicago campaign is over, we wonder what the true task of the Church is if it is not to do what Dr. Graham did in Chicago: preach the Gospel of repentance and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ through His shed blood? What is the Church's true task if it is not to reach young gang leaders, hardened businessmen, blasé show people, disillusioned society leaders, and plain, ordinary workingmen and women like the thousands who flocked to hear and believe the Gospel in Chicago?—James Reapsome, in "Sunday School Times."



THE SALVATION ARMY'S SEVENTH INTERNATIONAL LEADER, General Wilfrid Kitching, with Mrs. Kitching, is to conduct congress meetings in the four territories of the United States of America in the near future. In Los Angeles, Atlanta, Chicago and New York, Salvationists will be rallying to greet the distinguished visitors and to share Christian fellowship and spiritual blessings.

FIFTY years ago—on August 20th, 1912—thousands of Salvationists the world over were brought to the realization that the veteran leader who had been instrumental in God's hands of creating one of the greatest movements in a century, had been, to use the Army's phraseology, "promoted to Glory."

No longer would the arresting voice of William Booth be heard in public meetings and private councils. No longer would his tall swaying form be seen before a platform rail. No longer would the frail figure, standing to wave his cap in acknowledgement of their cheers, be the centre of attraction for the tens of thousands of people who invariably gathered whenever and wherever it was known that he was to be seen in the streets of the city or the lanes of the countryside.

No longer would his gentle hand be placed on the head of some little child who had been pushed forward to receive his blessing; and no longer would his fiery declarations of warning to sinners of a judgment to come be used to bring them to the mercy-seat. These were happenings of which only few now in our ranks were witnesses.

Some lands in which I have been privileged to travel were never visited by William Booth, for in his day our flag did not fly in them. Now, at this time, I feel it incumbent upon me, as his successor, to remind the salvation soldier that in these days, as in the day of our Founder, the great evil influences that he, without reserve or restraint, sought to fight against, are still in existence in every part of the world.

While the personality of the Founder himself as a soul-winner was magnetic, nevertheless, in his estimation, the true soldier of the Army could be as effective in his own sphere to win others for Christ. As William Booth so often emphasized, only a small fraction of the Army's evangelistic work can be done by its officers, and our history bears record to the invaluable soul-saving achievements of the soldier.

Relevant Witness

All can participate in the work of the soldier: the ministry of intercessory prayer, the ceaseless pleading for the salvation of others, the living of the unmistakably Christian life before the world in the most ordinary situations, and the bearing of a relevant witness in both word and deed to the power of Christ in this modern age.

If the Army remains faithful to the task that William Booth believed it had been given, we may be sure that God will not allow its service and witness to go unrewarded. But we must face up to the challenge that the situation of the world presents to the Army today, for we believe that every situation can be met by the genius of our movement embodied so wonderfully in its motto: "Blood and Fire." Calvary and Pentecost; Evangelism and Holy Living! These must be our watchwords.

One of the most significant phrases used in connection with William Booth's passing was "The General has laid down his sword." He had always been a fighter. He fought as few men have done against the powers of evil and darkness. He fought against the injustice that men and women and little children suffered. He fought against bigotry and narrowness, which so often in his day he saw manifested even in the lives of religious people. He led an army. The business of an army

was to fight, and at its head he had marched with drawn sword.

That drawn sword of supreme leadership was placed, when he relinquished it, in the hand of his eldest son, Bramwell, and effectively he followed in the train of his glorified father. But William Booth's ideal soldier also had a sword in his hand.

Devices and Delusions

In characteristic and tireless mood the Founder had declared: "We want soldiers skilled in the use of spiritual weapons who can use the two-edged sword. Soldiers," he had said, "must understand the hearts of men and be acquainted with the devices of Satan and his delusions." Too many professing Christians, he maintained, were deplorably ignorant of the first principles of war; they did not know how to fight. Are we, as an Army, any better in this day, fifty years after he laid down his sword?

As doubtless you are aware, I have been privileged to witness something of the work of the Army in every country of the world in which our flag is flying. I have seen thousands of Salvationists on the march at congresses and on other outstanding occasions. I have seen the flag held aloft beyond the Arctic circle and within the regions of the Equator, and in the eastern and western hemispheres.

I have heard the "Hallelujah!" of thousands of soldiers in great indoor gathering, and in much smaller groups where, perhaps, only a score were meeting in a mud hut. But again and again it has come to me as a haunting thought: "All this is the result of God's blessing on the dedication of one young man who was used to inspire others to his way of thinking."

Main Business

We dare not allow our dedication to be less than complete. If this great idea—surely we can say it was God's great idea!—was made possible because, when He spoke peace to the soul of a lad in Nottingham, he could say, "God shall have all there is of William Booth," who can visualize the blessed spiritual consequences to this poor world were such a spirit still held and fostered in the heart of every salvation soldier?

At this time, the fiftieth anniversary of the passing of William Booth, I call upon the soldiers of The Salvation Army throughout the world—for the sake of his blessed memory, for the sake of his noble example, for the sake of his reputation, for the sake of all that he strove to establish in the face of misunderstanding and opposition;

WILLIAM BOOTH—THE FOUNDER

The General Challenges The Soldiers Of The Salvation Army

"He being dead, yet speaketh"

indeed, for the sake of his Saviour—to make war against sin our main business in life.

Away with complacency! Let us go back to the understanding of the Founder as to the meaning of personal sacrifice. How few were the comforts he had in his home! And what would he have to say about our desire for luxuries when so many mouths are still hungry and thousands of men, women and children are homeless?

Let us go back to the Bible and to days of prayer, back to high standards of holy living, yes, back to anything and everything for which he stood, not to live in the past but, in consecrated mood, to seek to be possessed by the spirit of the past.

Particularly at this time of remembrance I also call upon the thousands of young people in our ranks, who have life before them, to ask themselves if there are not wider spheres of influence to which they should dedicate their lives.

"Who cares?" William Booth asked on one occasion, and if he could

speak to the young from the battlements of Glory might he not send down to this God-defying, God-neglecting world such a question today? He knew the Saviour cared and that He left His home in Glory to die for a lost world. He cares still, and He asks for soldiers who also will care, and care enough to give up every earthly prospect and advantage to follow Him.

Take up the challenge and, whatever your age or whatever the particular service to which He calls you, say to the Saviour, in the words of William Booth:

*Here, Lord, I yield Thee the whole of my heart,
Victory for me;
From all that hinders at last I will part;
Victory for me.
Called to Thy service, I gladly obey,
Humbly my all at Thy feet now I lay,
Trusting and fighting till life's latest day;
Victory for me.*



JOHANNESBURG CITY BAND brings musical cheer to the inmates of a South African penitentiary.

SALVATIONIST DOCTRINES

THE FOLLOWING are the principal doctrines held and taught by The Salvation Army, as set forth in the Foundation Deed, enrolled in the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice, England, on the 13th of August, 1878, and extending to all enactments and settlements throughout the world under which its property is held:

WE BELIEVE that the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments were given by inspiration of God and that they only constitute the Divine rule of Christian faith and practice.

WE BELIEVE there is only one God who is infinitely perfect the Creator Preserver and Governor of all things and who is the only proper object of religious worship.

WE BELIEVE that there are three persons in the Godhead the Father the Son and the Holy Ghost undivided in essence and co-equal in power and glory.

WE BELIEVE that in the person of Jesus Christ the Divine and human natures are united so that He is truly and properly God and truly and properly man.

WE BELIEVE that our first parents were created in a state of innocence but by their disobedience they lost their purity and happiness and that in consequence of their fall all men become sinners totally depraved and as such are justly exposed to the wrath of God.

WE BELIEVE that the Lord Jesus Christ has by His suffering and death made an atonement for the whole world so that whosoever will may be saved.

WE BELIEVE that repentance toward God faith in our Lord Jesus Christ and regeneration by the Holy Spirit are necessary to salvation.

WE BELIEVE that we are justified by grace through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ and that he that believeth hath the witness in himself.

WE BELIEVE that continuance in a state of salvation depends upon continued obedient faith in Christ.

WE BELIEVE that it is the privilege of all believers to be "wholly sanctified" and that their "whole spirit and soul and body" may "be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." (1 Thess. 5:23).

WE BELIEVE in the immortality of the soul in the resurrection of the body in the general judgment at the end of the world in the eternal happiness of the righteous and in the endless punishment of the wicked.

AUGUST 20th, 1912

The Territorial Commander, Commissioner W. Wycliffe Booth, remembers that eventful day.

I WAS sixteen, but it could have been last week, so clearly do I remember the happenings of that day.

I had been told to stay at home, and was struggling with some neglected homework, when my father stepped into the room.

"Cliff," he said, "we don't think that the dear old General will live through the day. I want you to come now and say goodbye to him."

We went the usual way, down through the garden, out the back gate and across the road to the General's house. A couple of reporters were waiting outside. We went upstairs into the familiar room, where we had so often sung to him at Christmas and, lately, where I had read aloud because he was nearly blind.

One look and I knew that death was near. I knelt by the bed. The Salvation Army flag he had raised on Mount Calvary was over the back of the bed. There was the tall mahogany chest reflecting the windows; the dark blue counterpane; and his lovely head, beautiful even with the look of death, serene, mysterious, distant. He was unconscious.

"I'll leave you with him," my father said, and went out. I prayed.

My dream had been to be something worthwhile, to study and perhaps become a doctor. But a Voice in the secret places of my heart asked:

"What are you going to do with the open door he has opened for you?" The open door... Salvation Army officership! That was fifty years ago. Today, after forty-seven years of officership, I know I made the right choice.

General William Booth died at ten o'clock that night. I was not in the room. But my brother, Bernard, was there. He told my sister and me of the peace and quiet of that deathbed. We listened from our own rooms and, as the last glow of day faded into deep night, the footsteps of the returning family sounded on the gravel path. We knew the General was gone.

AUGUST 29th, 1912! How well I remember that morning. We had to be up very early. The lump in my throat was still there from the night before. In the vast Olympia I had seen 35,000 people uniting in a funeral service of incredible proportion and feeling. It had swept over me then that the General's death was more... much more... than a family loss, though that was heartbreaking enough. It was to The Salvation Army the loss of its Founder... its father... its innovator; and to the world it was obviously the loss of a really great man. No wonder the gathering was referred to as "Love's Great Festival

of Mourning!" No wonder I had a lump in my throat!

Mr. Middleton, the station master at Hadley Wood, was down on the platform to usher the family into the reserved carriages. His kindly attention so early in the day made me think: "Does everyone feel that this day is different, because William Booth is to be buried?" In a way it was true. The papers said it was a day of national mourning.

We arrived at International Headquarters and passed into the familiar rooms on the second floor. Looking down on to Queen Victoria Street we saw officers and soldiers in an unending stream, hurrying in their hundreds to take their places on the Thames Embankment, where the procession was forming. More than 6,000 Salvationists marched that day.

The Salvation Army may be saddened by the loss of its beloved leader, but the flag flies at the mast-head. The ribbons on the flags and the armlets worn by the marchers are of white silk. Once again the Army is different. No dreary mourning, no black, rather the blue and scarlet of the Army and the white testifying to a pure and holy life. This manifestation proclaims the victory of a warrior who is promoted to Glory.

Crowd Problem

All traffic in Queen Victoria Street has long since stopped. A dense crowd fills the pavements on both sides as far as the eye can see. Opposite Headquarters the police are having a problem containing the crowd. We can hardly believe our ears when we are told that crowds are standing, in spite of rain, all along the five-mile route.

I remember thinking: "All this from one life!" I knew the story of William Booth's beginnings on Mile End Waste—the devotion of the few and the misunderstanding of the many. But even at the start there were crowds. True, they hurled abuse, they threatened him with beer bottles and refuse. But he made his own irresistible appeal to the masses, and they began to love him.

1865-1912! And not for a moment, in all those forty-seven years, did William Booth cease to show his love for people. No wonder that on this never-to-be-forgotten day two million people stand for long hours in order to show their love and respect. This was their accolade for a man who never took a holiday, who never "let up" in his endeavours, who never ceased to plan and scheme for the betterment of the people.

He called no one place his home, no one country his own, no one race his people. He had a universal heart

COMMISSIONER W. BOOTH, grandson of the Founder, viewing the portrait of his illustrious forebear painted in oils by the French artist, René de l'Hopital. The painting hangs in the board room at Territorial Headquarters, Toronto.



and a global concern for all nations. The common people, the poor people, the outcasts of every land "belonged" to him.

On this day of final recognition, the City of London stills its commerce, and in that proud way that men and nations have of honouring their great, and claiming them for posterity, the people that William Booth served murmur to each other, as the cortege passes, "We belonged to him—now he belongs to us."

The first strains of the marching bands are heard. The bandsmen have travelled all night, from all parts of the British Isles—from Swansea in Wales, Govan in Scotland, Brighton, Blackburn—more than forty bands in all, 1,500 men. And from what simple beginnings! A man and his three sons in whom William Booth saw a multiplied ministry, so that today 55,000 musicians stand by his dictum: "Soul-saving music is the music for me."

At last the procession is reaching its end. We are taken to the lobby. We see the International Staff Band wheel into position. The casket is borne to the waiting hearse, an open dray drawn by two chestnut horses. There are flags and palms in each corner. The simple bier is draped in white and purple. In bold letters on either side is the eloquent valediction: "He laid down his sword!"

Silent Salute

The long march begins. I am walking next to my Uncle Herbert. I see the great crowds reverently removing their hats as the coffin goes by, removing them again in silent salute to my father and mother as they pass. The Founder's daughters are there—Eva, Lucy, Marie, the Marechale; my sisters, Catherine, Mary and the others. Again and again the crowd recognizes one or another, and names are announced. Memories, sharp as a knife, recall the battles and victories of the past.

We reach the Mansion House. The Acting Lord Mayor, in his robes, attended by a phalanx of prominent citizens, stands on the balustrade. As we look around, up Cheapside, down Threadneedle Street, back to Queen Victoria Street, there is a sea of people. The newspapers say that a hundred thousand are at these crossroads.

We arrive at Stamford Hill. Perhaps here is the largest crowd of all. As we turn in through the cemetery gates the International Staff Band plays softly:

*Home, home sweet home;
There's no friend like Jesus,
There's no place like home.*

The walk through Abney Park Cemetery seems long. We arrive at the platform built over the surrounding graves. Here we see the coffin for the first time without the flag. I see the plate and read the legend:

Born April 10, 1829
Born again of the Spirit, 1845

To the last there is the outspoken witness: "Born again of the Spirit." Always William Booth proclaimed in whose service he was—by his life, his words, his actions, his uniform. Now, in his abundantly-deserved promotion to Glory, he glorifies the Saviour he adored and witnesses to the wonder of a "boundless salvation."

My father, now to take the responsibility for world leadership of the Army, pays a son's and a partner's tribute:

Son's Tribute

"William Booth's absolute devotion to the cause of Christ and his wonderful gifts made him the leader he was. This, together with the fact of his natural ability, his wonderful gift of observation, his extraordinary industry and his immense travels, made him a man who knew the world, so that wherever he came people desired him as an associate.

"When he talked with great soldiers like Lord Roberts they said: 'If we could only get a man like General Booth to fight for us!' When he talked with great bankers and financial magnates they said: 'If only we could get a partner like that man, then we could accomplish something.' When he talked with governors and kings and rulers they said: 'What a pity General Booth is not one of my ministers. He would help me govern my kingdom.'

"But there was something greater than this. It was his love for souls. When he came into contact with men, it was their spiritual part he thought of first. The General had eyes to see the best in men. He magnified the soul whenever he looked on a man. He opened his eyes to the need of every soul, so that the penitent-form was his joy. We never saw him wreathed in such heavenly and joyous smiles as when he looked upon a penitent-form scene where men and women were seeking his Saviour."

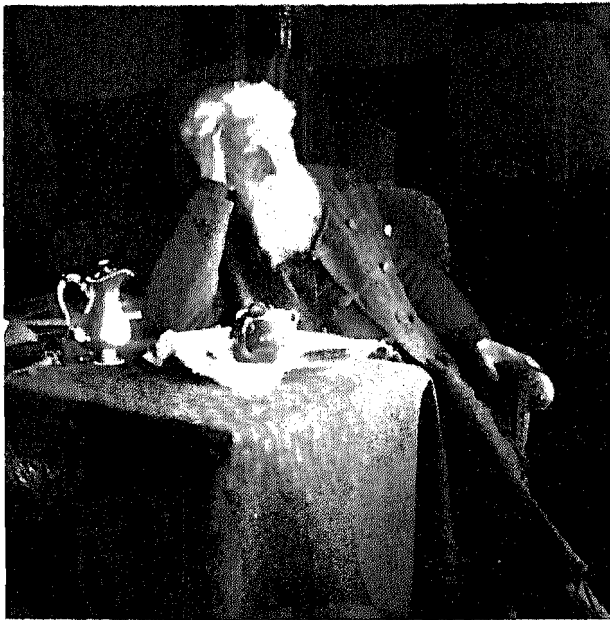
The day had begun with storm and rain but, as the procession moved off, the rain ceased, and during the graveside service the sun streams down.

That, one may say, is the story of William Booth's life. There were storms at his beginnings. Half his life he battled to be heard. His "Darkest England" scheme, his overseas colonies, his emigration plans—with what floods of cold water these were met! But he struggled on—he struggled through. Today, because of what William Booth did, millions can rise up and call him "Blessed!" Fifty years after, the life and labours of William Booth provide a shining memory, free from any clouds of misgiving or shades of uncertainty.

"Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple; and He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them."



A TYPICAL photograph of General William Booth taken on one of his many motorcades. By this means of "modern" travel, thousands of people were afforded a close-up view—and hearing—of the great man.



"WHAT SHALL I DO WITH JESUS?"

Notes of General William Booth's last Sunday evening address, delivered at Warrington, Lancashire, April 28th, 1912.

THE FOUNDER re-
laxes for the fami-
liar English-style
afternoon refresh-
ment. To please
William Booth, his
tea had to be like
his religion—HOT
and STRONG! He
was constantly re-
ferring to this fact,
in public and pri-
vate, and many be-
came interested
and were eventu-
ally won for God
through such every-
day illustrations.

What shall I do then with Jesus which is called Christ? (Matthew 27:22)

JEALOUS of the popularity of our Lord, ignorant of His divinity, hating the purity of His teaching, rebelling against the self-sacrificing character of His life, and for other reasons, the high priests, chief dignitaries, and leading citizens of Jerusalem resolved, at all costs and consequences, to compass His power of life and death in their own destruction. But not having the power of life and death in their own tribunals, they denounce Him to Pilate, the Roman Governor, as a religious impostor, a stirrer-up of strife, and an enemy of the government, requesting him to give orders for Jesus to be put to death.

Pilate received our Lord, examined the charges made against Him but, not being able to prove Him guilty of any offence worthy of death, proposed to release Him. To the utter amazement of Pilate, with one voice the crowd called out "Give us Barabbas!"

Pilate tried to reason with them, but they only cried out the more: "Not this Man, we prefer Barabbas." Rising from his throne and taking the Saviour by the hand, in order to better command their compassion, he led Him forth, and asked the question: *What then shall I do with Jesus?*

Same Question

As Pilate led our Lord forth on that eventful occasion, so in spirit, with my heart full of reverence, I bring that same blessed Saviour before your eyes, and ask the same question: "What will you do with Jesus?"

Mark, it is not "what shall I do?" That is a question that was settled a long time back. Sixty-seven years ago I laid myself at His feet, and took Him to my heart. I have never regretted that consecration. I never shall. Out of it wonderful things have grown.

It is not what shall I do with Jesus, but what will you do with Him, and what will you do with Him now? Can I help you to a right decision?

1. *You must do something with Him.* Neutrality is impossible. The possession of the opportunity for doing a right thing imposes the obligation to do it. There is no middle course possible here. You must

either be for Christ or against Him. Either take Him to your heart, or reject Him to your ruin.

2. *Your treatment of Jesus Christ will determine your Heavenly Father's treatment of you.* In deciding how you will treat this offer, remember what it means to you. Remember that Jesus Christ brings you from His Father the free and full forgiveness of every past sin, reconciliation with Himself, purity, power, happiness in life, happiness in death, and happiness for ever. On your treatment of Him hangs your everlasting destiny—Heaven or Hell!

I know of no other way of salvation. You cannot have the blessings of Christianity without this Christ who brought them. "What will you do with Him?"

Personal Treatment

3. *Your treatment of Jesus Christ will determine the salvation or damnation of men and women living around you, or who will live after you.* That is a very serious business. Supposing that these high priests and this Jewish crowd had accepted Jesus Christ, and crowned Him Lord of their hearts, who can conceive the difference that that decision would have made in our world? No man liveth to himself. No man can confine the consequences of his conduct to himself. What you do with Christ and the salvation He bought for you, others will do, and that just because you have done it.

4. *In view of these solemn considerations, I want to ask you, "What will you do with the blessed Saviour, and what will you do with Him now?"*

He is here as surely as He was there. So turn your eyes in His direction and gaze once more upon His beautiful form. Oh, that I had the ability to show Him to you as He hangs dying for you on the accursed tree. Look at Him there suspended between Heaven and earth. They have pierced His blessed brow with the mocking crown of thorns, and driven the cruel nails through His sacred hands and feet, and the Roman soldier stands there with the spear in his hand, ready to pierce His precious side.

Look at Him! The waves of God's wrath are sweeping over His soul. Beneath the weight of your sins and mine He is struggling. Now look again and you will see Him bow His sacred head, and hear Him cry, "It is finished!"—and break His heart

and die—for the sins of the world.

Look at Him! You have not spent much time in gazing at His blessed form. Other things have filled your eyes. You have found time for looking at money, and business, and pleasure, and pictures, and politics, and loved ones, and can spend a few minutes in looking at your dying Lord!

Now, while your eyes rest on Him let me repeat my question: What will you do with Him? He hangs there for you.

A Few Courses

Remember the great things that are depending on your treatment of Him. Your decision now may mean to you and yours, as I have shown you, happiness or misery, righteousness or wickedness, God or the Devil, Heaven or Hell.

There are several courses lying open before you.

What will you do with Him? What are you intending to do? Shall I indicate a few courses?

1. *You can deny His divine mission—you can say He was an impostor.* There were plenty in those days who did this, and there are plenty who do the same thing in our day. Some went so far as to say He had a devil. What do you say to that?

2. *No, that does not suit you. Well, you can deny your need of any Saviour.* You can say: "I have no soul, I shall have no hereafter," or you can pretend that you have never sinned, and say: "There'll be no judgment. I don't need a Saviour." That is what the Sadducees said, and there are thousands who say the same in our day.

3. *There is another course—you can openly reject Him.* Right or wrong, you can simply say: "I won't have Him." There were plenty who took this course when He was on earth. They were there in force that day. Instead of taking Him to their hearts they sent Him to the cruel tree. Look at their blood-thirsty eyes. Listen to their maddened cries. See them pluck the hair from His blessed cheeks, and spit upon His sacred face, clothe Him in the mocking robes, and call down curses from Heaven on His head. They preferred Barabbas. They said so.

You can prefer the drink, vice, the world. You can say so! You must make your choice. You say: "No! God forbid that I should be put down as belonging to that crowd." But you reject Him all the same.

Upbraided Them

4. *You can pretend to accept Him, call yourself by His name, while your heart is far from Him.* There were any number who adopted that course while He was on earth. He upbraided them: "Why call ye Me Lord, and do not the things which I say?"

What do you say about being an empty, powerless, worldly, formalist? You say "No. If ever I do anything with religion I will have the real thing. I won't be a hypocrite."

5. *There is another course. You can treat the whole matter with indifference.* There was a crowd in Jerusalem on that day who took no notice whatever of the affair. The shops were all open. The buyers and sellers were busy. There were marriages and feasts and pleasure parties and games and amusements all in full swing, while the Son of God was hanging on the cross. The people were indifferent. They did not care.

What do you say to following that course? You need not curse Him, nor deny His claims, but just turn your back on Him, saying you are really too busy, or put forth some other trumpery, selfish excuse.

6. *You can be a trimmer.* You can halt and play a coward's part after the fashion of Pilate. What do you say to that?

Look at Pilate. He was for Christ, and wanted to deliver Him, if he could do so without losing the favour of the respectable people and getting into trouble with Caesar and losing his place; but rather than run those risks he allowed our blessed Lord to go to a cruel death.

That is a course very commonly taken. Multitudes act today as Pilate acted nearly 2,000 years ago. They would come to Christ and seek His mercy now, and stand up for Him in the world afterwards, but for fear of endangering their reputation, damaging their prospects, or displeasing their friends.

Lost His Soul

What do you say to following Pilate? It is a mean, cowardly, heartless course, and does not always answer for this world. It did not answer for Pilate. They say that, notwithstanding his sacrifice of Jesus Christ to keep his place, he afterwards forfeited the favour of the Roman emperor, was driven from his position, lost his reason, and ended his life in a madhouse by committing suicide. He not only lost his soul, but the world into the bargain.

But this was only half Pilate's offence. He not only rejected Christ for these selfish considerations, but tried to excuse himself by throwing the blame on somebody else. Look at him!

The sentence has gone forth. He has come down from his judicial throne, and laid aside his crimson robes of office. By his order they have brought him a bowl of water. What is he doing with it? He is washing his hands in it, to show that although he sent the innocent Christ to die, the responsibility for the act rests on somebody else.

But no, Pilate, not all the waters of Jordan can wash the stains of your cowardly, selfish sin from your conscience, or remove the record of it given in the Book. The stains are there. If you go down to Hell, you will find him at a similar task—trying to wash away the stains of the Saviour's blood from his con-

(Continued on page 7)

I Remember William Booth

By LT.-COMMISSIONER ARCH R. WIGGINS

"O BOUNDLESS salvation! Deep ocean of love." The voice, low and rasping, was plainly heard throughout the crowded theatre.

"O fulness of mercy Christ brought from above." A slight touch of the Midlands accent was apparent.

"The whole world redeeming, so rich and so free." The words seemed to turn up at the ends of the lines.

"Now flowing for all men, come roll over me, and not so loud on the trombones this time!"

William Booth peered down with a frown into the orchestra pit where my fellow-trombonist and I were sitting. It was the only conversation I ever had with the Founder of The Salvation Army, but it was all on his side!

With a face as red as a beet I looked up into a face which seemed to have been carved from ivory. It was practically bloodless. The

of grace gave their testimony, and the old General patted them approvingly on the shoulder every now and again as their story proceeded. Then Commander Eva Booth, of the United States of America, was introduced. William Booth greatly loved this daughter of his who was born on the Christmas Day of the year in which The Salvation Army itself was born. He used to call her his "Christmas Box," but this evening she described herself as "a chip off the old block."

Now came that for which we all were waiting—the Grand Old Man's address. It was retrospective. He told us what he might have become had he not promised God that He should have all there was of William Booth. Then, warming to his subject, he threw down challenge after challenge in the face of the enemy of souls.

upon it. And then he told us in conclusion that he was "going into dock for repairs." He said good-bye to us and we said good-bye to him. The world was never to hear him again or see him in life, although many thousands saw him in the sleep of death in the Congress Hall at Clapton.

He had an operation on his remaining eye which proved unsuccessful, and Bramwell Booth had the melancholy task of breaking this most disappointing news.

"You mean, I am blind?" asked the father.

"I'm afraid so," replied the son. The worn-out old diehard was stunned by the news. He had put so much faith into this operation. For a while he remained deep in thought, and then the great soul of him rose in all its magnificence.

"Bramwell," he said hoarsely, "I

the lengthy procession which took an hour and a half to pass a given point.

Thousands upon thousands lined the streets, first drenched with heavy rain and then baked by a blazing sun, to pay honour to a man who, only thirty-odd years before, they had despised and cursed and rejected as had men his Master before him.

I played my trombone—"not so loud this time"—in one of the forty bands that participated in the five-mile march to the cemetery, and I saw his heavy-hearted bearers lower him into the grave. On the night before, I had stood, almost touching the curtain that hid his bier from 24,000 people who had gathered for his memorial service in the Olympia, until the time of its commencement. On the front seats, unrecognized by the enormous crowd, sat Alexandra, the Queen Mother of England, whose wreath, with that of Kaiser Wilhelm the Second of Germany, was placed on the float that took the place of a hearse and that bore God's soldier to his last resting-place the next day.

Founder's Doctor

Nearly twenty years later Dr. E. Wardlaw Milne, who was present when the Founder died, became my family doctor and was never tired of talking to me about his greatest patient, whose portrait hung in an honoured position on the wall of his office.

Among my treasured possessions are the bound volume of a homiletic magazine which the Founder gave to "dear Mrs. Mumford," his mother-in-law, in 1860 and signed "From her affectionate son, William Booth"; probably the only baptismal certificate he signed at Whitechapel, and this on the last day of the Christian Mission as such; the leather cover in which he kept the notes of his addresses; several notes of addresses given in 1889; one of his note books, with the blotting paper plainly revealing his signature; an invitation card to a garden party at Windsor Castle from His Majesty King Edward VII; and a sprig from the shrub that grew outside the door of his Hertfordshire house, Rookwood, from which he was promoted to Glory.

William Booth once tried his hand at composing a hymn tune, and Richard Slater tells us that he tried to persuade the Founder to let him publish it, but the old man was more wise than some. He knew it was not up to standard and so was not prepared to have it sub-edited beyond recognition with his name printed above it! "You would spoil it with your fiddle-de-dees!" he declared.

I love this story: The Founder was leading a meeting in the Congress Hall at Clapton and after the singing of the first verse of the opening song, he turned to the bandmaster.

"That tune is pitched too high," he said. "Who do you think can get up there among the stars? Bring it down a peg or two!"

The bandmaster looked around at his men. "Play in the same key as before," he ordered. They did, and the Founder was satisfied.

"Why didn't you play it like that the first time?" he demanded.

It would be a good thing for everyone to heed the exhortation in the Scripture: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things. (Philippians 4:8).



THE SCENE at the heart of the City of London as the funeral procession, from the International Headquarters in Queen Victoria Street, approaches the Mansion House on its way to Abney Park Cemetery. Although some expressed deep concern that William Booth had not been accorded a burial in Westminster Abbey, among the greatest in the land, "London gave him a funeral worthy of a monarch", as the writer of the article on this page points out.

shock of thinning hair was snow-white, as was the moustache and thinning beard.

As he lined out the first verse of the opening song of his own composition, he swayed gently backward and forward, his hands clasped behind his back. He was very tall, more than six feet in height, and very frail, as one would expect from a man who was content to exist on two meals a day and one of them a bowl of soup. Besides, he was in his eighty-second year.

During the prayer meeting, as was his wont, he knelt by the rail of the reading-desk, praying and listening to John Lawley's moving pleading. This was always a sight for the angels. He could no longer properly see the penitents coming to the mercy-seat—actually rows of chairs on the stage.

The setting was very different when I saw him again some eighteen months or so later. He was then celebrating his eighty-third birthday in the presence of 7,000 of his officers, soldiers and friends in the Royal Albert Hall. When he came on to the platform, just lightly touching the sleeve of his trusty henchman, John Lawley (he refused to hold the Colonel's arm; he was a leader, not one to be led!), the great audience rose as one and applauded to the echo.

Soon he was standing at the rostrum and, with a long, lean arm upraised, had silenced the ovation given him. Now, for the last time he lined out "O Boundless Salvation!" and, accompanied by the International Staff Band, conducted by its electrifying bandmaster, Colonel George Mitchell, we sang the song with a fervour that expressed our devotion and affection for its veteran composer.

Two or three wonderful trophies

While men were in prison, while women suffered, while girls sold themselves on the streets, while little children starved, while one lost soul was without the Light, he would fight!

It was an address never to be forgotten by those of us who heard it. I still have my programme with my notes of his main points pencilled

have served God and the people with my eyes and now I shall serve God and the people without my eyes." But on August 20th, 1912, he "laid down his sword," to use Bramwell's fine expression.

London gave him a funeral worthy of a monarch. Indeed, its very heart stood still for several hours during the busiest part of the day to watch

"What Shall I Do With Jesus?"

(Continued from page 6)

science, but trying in vain.

Is any one here on the same track, rejecting Christ and trying to throw the responsibility on somebody else?

7. Here is one more character whose example you can follow. What do you say to being a Judas? Will you betray and sell your Lord as Judas did?

Who was Judas? He was at one time, I have no doubt, a good, devoted servant of God. Jesus was pleased with him, and promoted him to a position of trust and honour.

But Judas lost his first love. Money had been his snare before he was converted, and money was his besetment afterwards. He did not watch and, in consequence, he fell. The world got hold of him.

Oh, backslider! You were once a soldier of the cross. Yes, you loved God, praised Him, swore you would die for Him, and then deserted Him.

What did you leave your Lord for? How much did you get by the transaction? Judas got thirty pieces

of silver for his betrayal of Christ.

How much of the price have you kept to the present hour? What was it? A shop? A wife? A husband? A situation? Fine clothes? A football? So much per annum? Has it answered? It did not answer with Judas. It brought him contempt and despair on earth. It won't answer with you in time or in eternity.

8. There is another course which you can take, and I recommend it with all my heart. It has been before you many a day. I place it before you once more. It may be the last chance you will have of accepting it.

Kneel down at the mercy-seat, accept this blessed Jesus as your Saviour, and submit to His authority. Wash every stain away in His blood, enthrone Him in your heart as your King, and fight for Him all the rest of your days.

That is what I would do if I were you. That is what I did, more than sixty years ago.



ABOVE: In the far north, Swedish Laplanders welcome the friendly Salvationist, who has gifts for the children and appreciated parcels of varied usefulness for the grown-ups.

RIGHT: The Salvation Army can be relied upon to strike a fair bargain! This thrift store in the Netherlands, designed to provide clothing at reasonable cost for citizens who can afford to pay something, is rarely without a customer.

BELOW: The Japanese public is accustomed to the familiar sight of the Christmas kettle. As in the western world, deserving families are not forgotten at this season of peace and goodwill.



"GO . . . AND TEACH



ABOVE: In an open-air meeting in Seoul, Korea, the news of the Christian Gospel is proclaimed and people leave their places in the crowd to seek salvation at the improvised penitent-form. Salvationists kneel with them in the street.

BELOW: In a Berlin café a Salvation Army lassie distributes copies of "Der Krieger" ("The War Cry"). The weekly sales of Salvation Army periodicals in all parts of the world number some two millions.

BOTTOM: The Army on the march in Canada during annual congress gatherings.



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spiritual food.
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d as well.



ABOVE: A section of the crowd attending an open-air meeting in Hong Kong. A soccer match goes on uninterrupted; the busy life of the city is undisturbed, but still the Army's message proves a great attraction.

ABOVE (right): Youthful guests of the Army enjoy a special birthday treat in a European city.

RIGHT: Children from a new housing estate listen intently as the open-air Sunday school teaches them the fundamental Christian principles.



LEFT: In traditional style, students of Howard Institute, Rhodesia, carry their books to class.

LEFT (bottom): Summer visitors to South-end, a popular English seaside resort, gather at the end of the world's longest pier to share evening worship with local Salvationists.

BELOW: German elder citizens rest beside the quiet waters in the grounds of their "home" to enjoy the music of the voice and guitar.

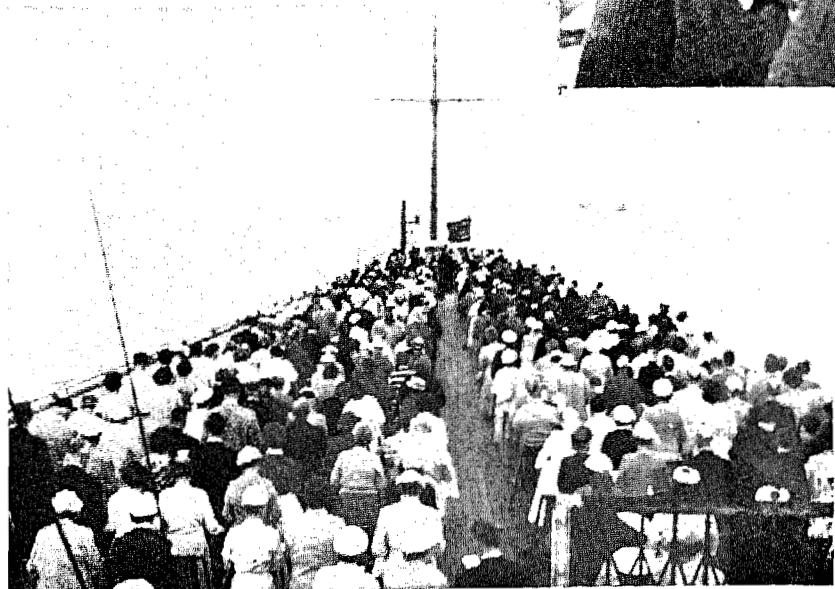




Photo Courtesy of Toronto Daily Star

LT.-COLONEL O. WELBOURN
At His "Life-Line"

"I'm going to kill myself . . . I'm going to jump out of my hotel bedroom window."

"My wife is being unfaithful to me. I'm going to kill her, then myself."

"Could you help me, please? My wife is trying to cut her throat with a carving knife."

Calls like these are part of the work of Lt.-Colonel Oliver Welbourn, head of the Salvation Army's anti-suicide bureaux. His office on the seventh floor of the headquarters on Albert St., Toronto, is like most city offices, though a lot less lavish than most executives would favour. Salvationists don't go in for frills.

The Colonel is also head of the Army's Immigration and Overseas Red Shield operations, and most of his work is like that of any other executive. "Miss Smith, can I have the file on . . . Are those statistics on facilities for our soldiers in Germany ready yet?" Not much different from an insurance company.

Then one of the two phones on the Colonel's desk rings. It is the anti-suicide line. Some one has dialled 368-6466. The bespectacled and genial uniformed executive lifts the receiver.

AID RUSHED WHEN PHONE RINGS

SOME PHASES OF THE ARMY'S ANTI-SUICIDE WORK

By GERALD UTTING, Toronto Daily Star Staff Writer

"Anti-suicide bureau," he says, and reaches for pen and pad, and a list of the bureau's officers in Metropolitan Toronto.

It may be a prankster, a wrong number, someone who just wants to talk—or a man or woman deadly intent on suicide.

"Many people believe persons who talk about suicide don't commit suicide," said the Colonel. "This is a fable. Careful investigation has shown that of any ten people who kill themselves, eight have given definite warnings of their intention. We must take every threat or attempt at suicide seriously."

The national organization of the bureau has 400 centres, divided into thirty-four regions, of which Metropolitan Toronto is one. The officer responsible for the Metropolitan region is Brigadier S. McKinley, who is in charge of the city welfare services. But since the national anti-suicide headquarters is in Toronto, the anti-suicide line for Metro goes during office hours to Lt.-Colonel Welbourn, or the officer relieving him.

Same Number

In the evening or early-morning hours a call to the same number goes to one of ten homes of Toronto Salvationist officers. Each of these homes has two phones—one is 368-6466.

The officer on duty has a map of Metropolitan Toronto divided into fourteen zones. A group of Salvationists in each zone stand ready at any time to be sent into action to a caller in their zone. The total of workers is more than a hundred.

The officer on duty will talk with the caller and try to solve the problem then and there. If more than a telephone conversation is needed,

he will dispatch one or more workers to the caller. In a critical emergency, he will call police and ambulance, though this is a last resort.

"Some time ago I answered a man who was talking of suicide. He was alone and desperate in a hotel bedroom," said the Colonel. "I decided I could reach him faster than anyone else, so I went straight to him. He was haggard, hungry and had not slept for days."

"He had left the hospital with a supply of sedatives, but used them too fast and had not been able to sleep. He was too nervous and upset to go back to the hospital. It was 10.30 p.m. I called several doctors without result, but finally got one of the most prominent physicians in the city to come and examine the man. He gave him a sedative and the would-be suicide went to sleep."

"The next morning an officer took him to hospital and contacted the man's brother. Not a very dramatic case, but it is typical of many calls that we handle."

"Another man called me one day and seemed determined to kill his wife for infidelity, and then to commit suicide. I talked it over with him at length—most distraught people benefit from a genuine discussion of their problems. I told him he could be wrong, that this was a terrible step to contemplate and would solve nothing."

"Next day he called greatly relieved, and said he now thought his fears were imaginary or that his wife was not to blame."

Another officer went to a suburban home on a Sunday morning to find that the mother of a family was threatening to end her life with a kitchen knife.

"The officer discovered she had been out of an Ontario hospital only

a week," said the Colonel. "He tried all afternoon to find somewhere to place the woman. Finally the mental hospital agreed to re-admit her."

"The officer visits her in the hospital and has arranged for her to go home at weekends. He also tries to help the family overcome their difficulties."

Officers are instructed on how to handle potential suicides and how to help them best. "We are not psychiatrists," said the Colonel. "We don't attempt to do their job. If professional help is considered necessary, we refer those in trouble to competent doctors."

The aim of the bureau is defined as seeking "to help the person to find a new attitude toward his problem, to find a new outlook (an up-look is preferable) and so avert a possible tragedy."

Officers are instructed as follows:

"Where necessary, advise medical or psychiatric treatment. Where there is church affiliation, persuade the subject to seek a pastor's counselling aid. Where there is no church affiliation, or the subject does not wish to use it, offer the services of The Salvation Army. Refer welfare or economic problems to the Army's welfare department. In alcoholic problems, arrange aid through the Harbour Light service, if advisable."

Spiritual services and counselling are also part of the officers' duties, and these are important.

Many Case Handled

Lt.-Colonel Welbourn said that from its establishment in May, 1961, to last December, the anti-suicide bureau had handled 170 cases. "Our work is growing," he said. "This year we have handled 225 cases of threatened suicide successfully. Eighteen cases have been unsuccessful, and I'm afraid some of those ended in suicide."

"In addition, we are at the present following up nearly sixty contacts."

The police and the courts recognize the value of the work that the bureau is doing.

REFERENCE ACROSS

1. 1 Tim. 1. 5. Ezek. 1. 8. Jer. 2. 9. Ps. 74. 10. Heb. 11. 11. Acts 27. 12. 2 Kings 1. 14. Acts 23. 20. John 21. 23. Ezek. 8. 25. John 4. 26. John 13. 27. Mark 6. 29. Luke 10.

DOWN

1. and 2. Acts 4. 3. Mark 3. 4. 2 Sam. 19. 5. Ezra 8. 6. Jud. 6. 7. Jer. 3. 13. Ezek. 22. 14. Pra. 5. 15. Matt. 27. 17. Sol. 2. 18. Sol. 4. 21. Matt. 15. 22. Ruth 1. 24. Luke 22.

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE

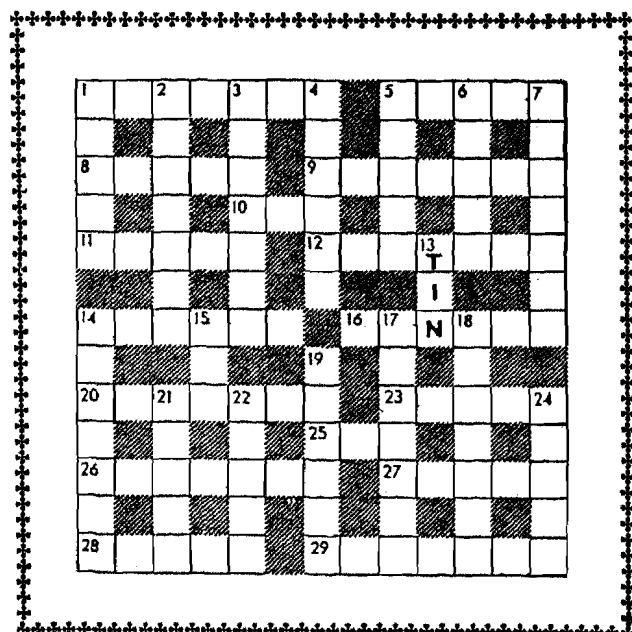
ACROSS
1. STATUTE. 8. CREATE. 9. RESIDUE. 10. STOLEN. 11. SCALETH. 13. EATEN. 16. WISER. 17. CHEER. 20. SAVOURY. 22. RIGHTS. 23. BAPTIZE. 24. EARING. 25. REASONS.

DOWN

2. TRENCH. 3. TRIALS. 4. TRUST. 5. BROTHER. 6. CALLETH. 7. MEANING. 12. HOSTS. 14. SCORNER. 15. BEGGARS. 16. WRITING. 18. MOUTHS. 19. FROZEN. 21. AGATE.

Scriptural Crossword Puzzle

Where a dash occurs, the missing word is the required solution. Biblical references are given in a separate section, to be used if required. Solution to puzzle will appear next week.



ACROSS
1. The law is made for such a man
5. Ezekiel saw this colour in

the midst of the whirlwind
8. Mentioned with soap for washing
9. The Psalmist said God broke their heads in the waters
10. By faith, the Israelites passed through this sea
11. Four anchors were thrown out of this of the ship
12. Elijah wore a girdle of this about his loins
14. Paul was brought into one by force
16. The end toe will be the sign of this
20. "I — that even the world itself could not contain the books"
23. Twenty-five men, worshipping the sun, stood with theirs toward the Temple
25. The nobleman called our Lord this
26. Our Lord gave His disciples one to follow
27. "Come ye yourselves — into a desert place"
28. A nick in the wood?
29. "I give unto you power to — serpents and scorpions"

DOWN

1. Those who owned these or

houses, sold them and gave the money to the Apostles
2. With great power the Apostles gave this of the Resurrection
3. A man blaspheming against the Holy Ghost is in danger of such damnation
4. "I will — me an ass, that I may ride thereon"
5. Ezra proclaimed a fast at the river of this
6. Gideon put this in a pot
7. "Will He — His anger for ever?"
13. Mentioned with brass, iron, lead in the furnace
14. Drink waters out of your own, advised Proverbs' writer
15. The veil of the Temple was rent from this to the bottom
17. "His right hand doth — me"
18. Solomon said plants were one of pomegranates
19. In a present you will feel indignant
21. Every one not sown by God shall be rooted up
22. Sister-in-law of Ruth
24. He entered into Judas Iscariot

KING OF KINGS

HALLELUJAH, sing to Jesus!
King of kings, in Heaven enthroned;
Hallelujah to our Saviour,
Hope of earth, by glory crowned.
When in sorrow, sore afflicted,
We in bondage cried to Thee,
Thou in love didst stoop to save us
From our sin, and set us free.

Hallelujah, sing to Jesus!
Who has bought us with His blood;
Brought us from great condemnation,
Saved us from the 'whelming flood;
Guided safely through temptation,
His, the sweet and heartening word—
His, the promise never failing,
"I am with thee, Christ, thy Lord."

Hallelujah, sing to Jesus!
Hearts and voice to Heaven we raise;
Glory, honour, goodness, power;
Lord, we offer heart-felt praise.
Let Thy name be named upon us;
May we glorify our King,
We who love Thee, laud and bless Thee,
Hallelujah to Thee sing!

—Lilian Watkins, Mrs. Major, Toronto.

"JET-AGE" OR "GET-AGE"?

By CAPTAIN JOHN CAREW, Carmanville, Mld.

SPEAKING nearly two thousand years ago to a people who were little different in character from us today, Jesus said, "... It is more blessed to give than to receive." (Acts 20:35). Jesus taught, both by His words and personal example that giving was the secret of genuine happiness. He praised the woman who broke the alabaster box of ointment on His feet, and chided those who deplored the extravagance; He praised the poor widow who gave "all her living" and He said, on another occasion, "Freely ye have received, freely give."

However, the emphasis today is placed on *getting*, rather than *giv-*

ing. We live in a godless, materialistic age. Many men and women blindly rush about, intent on getting all that they can from life and giving little in return. I recently saw in a paper the remark: "This has been called the 'jet age', but it can also be rightly called the 'get age'." Many seek to hit the jackpot or find the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. Radio stations carry "give away" programmes featuring fabulous prizes, which entice thousands of people to spend countless hours trying to solve some silly, meaningless riddle or puzzle. A department store has only to offer something free to the first hundred customers and great crowds will gather, in hope that they will be among the lucky ones, and government "hand-outs" are taken for granted!

We Christians may not have much of gold or silver, but we all have something that we can give. John D. Rockefeller, Jr. said: "Giving is the secret of a healthy life. Not necessarily money, but whatever a man has of encouragement and sympathy."

Giving one's self to the Lord Jesus Christ is the first step towards real giving. We cannot fully comprehend what it is to give until we first kneel at the foot of the Cross, and there, with all humility, confess our sins and dedicate ourselves wholly to the service of God. Our giving should be an act of worship. Giving, whether of self or material possessions, has little meaning and will bring scant blessing if it is done grudgingly, or in order to win praise of men.

Our second best will not suffice. God deserves the best that we can give Him, but alas, He often has to do with the unwanted things, the "second bests". We should not treat God as if He were some Lazarus seeking the crumbs that otherwise we would give to the dogs. We often give to others something we have no use for ourselves.



All that we have rightfully belongs to God. We cannot lay claim to anything that we possess. We are simply the stewards of what He has graciously given us. Our talents, our time, and our money all belong to God, and, as such, we should be more than willing to give back a part of that which He has given us through His bountiful love.

We often hear remarks like these: "I mean to get what rightfully belongs to me! I intend to get my share!" Yet we seldom hear: "Has God received His share? Has He been given what rightfully belongs to Him?"

God gave man six days for work, yet, with his selfish "get" attitude, he robs God of the seventh day, which was set aside by Him purposely for rest and worship. We give God a dollar and feel smug at our generosity, when we could easily give Him ten dollars.

In the mad rush to get, man seems to forget that there is a God, that there is a life hereafter, and that He should be more intent on laying up treasures in Heaven than on earth. Hoarding up treasures on earth only makes us paupers in Heaven.

Men like the beloved Albert Schweitzer, and other missionaries—who have spent their lives in the sweltering jungles of tropical mission lands—have proven beyond a doubt the truth of the words of Jesus: "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

DAILY DEVOTIONS

For Family and Private Worship

SUNDAY—

1 Cor. 9:1-15. "LEST WE SHOULD HINDER THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST." Rather than do this, Paul willingly gave up his rights and many comforts and privileges which he might have had, so anxious was he to do nothing that would cause another to stumble. If we really love the Saviour with all our hearts, we too, shall be willing to give up many "lawful" things rather than be a hindrance in any way to His Kingdom.

* * *

MONDAY—

1 Cor. 9:16-27. "ALL THINGS TO ALL MEN." Paul had learned so to put aside his own likes and dislikes, that he could enter into the feelings and circumstances of all whom he sought to win for Christ. To learn this takes time and patience, and, above all, much sitting at the Saviour's feet. Only as we share His love and care for souls shall we be willing to go out of our way to help all sorts of sinners.

* * *

TUESDAY—

1 Cor. 10:1-15. "GOD . . . WILL WITH THE TEMPTATION ALSO MAKE A WAY TO ESCAPE." Close beside every temptation is the path of escape from the wiles of the Devil. But some people do not want the "way to escape", and will not take it when God shows it to them. "I said 'No!' to the party, because had I gone I should have been tempted to drink and to break my pledge," said a girl. She chose the way to "escape."

WEDNESDAY—

1 Cor. 10:16-33. "WHATSOEVER YE DO, DO ALL TO THE GLORY OF GOD." Are you perplexed as to the right or wrong of some course of conduct? Study it in the light of God's Word. Test it by this command. Would God be glorified more by your doing the doubtful action or by your leaving it undone; by your presence or by your absence on the doubtful occasion or in the doubtful place? An honest answer to such questions would solve many spiritual problems.

* * *

THURSDAY—

1 Cor. 12:1-13. "CONCERNING SPIRITUAL GIFTS, I WOULD NOT HAVE YOU IGNORANT." Many of these Corinthian Christians were keen business people, quick at a bargain, ready to reap any earthly advantage. But when it came to spiritual things they were as slow and ignorant as some of us. How few are eager to be taught of the Spirit, the deep things of God.

* * *

FRIDAY—

1 Cor. 12:14-31. "MANY MEMBERS YET BUT ONE BODY." Have you ever felt ill all over though perhaps you had only a sore throat or a bad headache? Sickness in one part made the whole body to suffer. Just so, as members of the body of Christ let us sympathize with our fellow-members, and "rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep."

* * *

SATURDAY—

1 Cor. 13:1-13. "LOVE NEVER FAILETH." Read often this wonderful chapter. Covet earnestly the love which is its theme, for "to love abundantly is to live abundantly, and to love forever is to live forever."

THE VALUE OF LITTLE ACTS

NOTHING is more beautiful in the life and teachings of Jesus than the value He sets upon such little actions as are within the reach of the humblest of us to do in His name and spirit.

Many of us miss the purest happiness because we strive to do some great thing and so overlook the golden opportunities of doing for others little, helpful, meaningful things. By using every opportunity to speak a kind word or offer a helpful hand, we find at each day's end a reward of peace that surpasses all understanding.

It is a good thing sometimes when we realize that we have reached the end of our resources; for then we can begin to learn of God's infinite wisdom and grace.

THE HOPE OF THE WORLD

By CAPTAIN DONALD RANDALL, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

THIS is an age of satellites, rockets, missiles, jets and space travel. A human being travelling at supersonic speed is no longer novel or sensational. Scientists and newswriters speak of trips to the moon, setting up space stations, and visiting other planets.

As never before, people are watching the heavens, looking for "signs", and showing a phenomenal interest in the sky. But Christians have been looking up for centuries; they have been sky-watchers ever since Christ ascended into Heaven, nearly 2,000 years ago. Our hearts do not fail us for fear, because we have the "blessed hope" and are certain that Jesus will come again.

Some years ago vast crowds of people assembled in London to watch the coronation procession of Queen Elizabeth II, after the ceremony in Westminster Abbey. All were longing to catch a glimpse of the beloved ruler. Then the trumpets were heard and ears and eyes were strained, as the cry passed from throat to throat, "The Queen is coming!" The people shouted with joy and gladness at the stirring sight

of the newly-crowned monarch.

Jesus is coming again; the New Testament abounds in references to this event. Everyone who reads and believes the Bible is expecting Christ to return, and when He comes He will be our new-crowned King. Hearts are longing and weary ones are waiting, but those who love Him will never lose their place as they keep vigil through the night.

Unsaved reader, we do not know when Jesus may come. No announcement will be made in the press, or on the radio or television. Do not delay, but give your heart to Him and be ready for His return.

One bee working from May to October, though flying thousands of miles, will gather only one spoonful of honey, yet by combined effort there is seldom less than 100 pounds of honey in a hive. If the "weak things" of the Lord were only united and pulling together, how often they would "confound the things that are mighty." (1 Corinthians 1:27).

YOU MAY BE SAVED

DEEP down in your heart you have a longing to be saved. You know you should take the step, but have hesitated to do so. Perhaps these simple directions will help you. The first thing to do is to acknowledge your need of salvation to God, recognizing that you have sinned against Him. You have broken His laws, and are now determined to have done with all that is evil.

The next step after confession, and restitution where possible, is to ask forgiveness for Christ's sake. Then child-like faith is necessary for you to claim the promised salvation. Thank God, He can save you NOW!

Official Gazette

APPOINTMENTS—

Brigadier Franck Stickland, Montreal Cath-
erine Booth Hospital, Administrator
Majors Edith Jater, Calgary Grace Hos-
pital, Administrator; Ethel Kollin, Van-
couver Grace Hospital, Director of Nurs-
ing
Sr. Captain Margaret Cunningham, Terri-
torial Headquarters, Trade Department
Lieutenants Noel Sorley, Vancouver Cor-
rectional Services (Assistant); Jeremiah
Canning, Change Islands; Lydewell
Stead, Too Good Arm

RETIREMENT FROM ACTIVE SERVICE—

Mrs. Colonel Arthur Cameron (née Lilian
Goodall) out of Toronto 1 in 1928. Last
appointment Secretary, Salvation Army
Nurses' Fellowship, on July 20, 1962.
Brigadier Nellie Jolly out of London 1 in
1924. Last appointment Montreal Cath-
erine Booth Hospital, Superintendent, on
July 29, 1962.

W. W. C. Booth

Territorial Commander

PROMOTED TO GLORY—

Sr. Major Albert E. Fleischer (R), out of
Regina Citadel, Saskatchewan, in 1925.
From Ottawa, Ontario, on July 21, 1962.

Coming Events

Commissioner and Mrs. W. Booth

Old Orchard, Maine: Sat-Sun Aug 25-26
Halifax: Sat Sept 8 (Men's Social Service
Centre opening)
Halifax Citadel: Sun Sept 9

Mrs. Commissioner W. Booth

Yorkville: Thur Sept 13

Colonel and Mrs. H. Wallace

Roblin Lake: Mon Aug 20
Toronto: Brengle Institute, Tue Aug 21
Toronto: Men's Social Service Centre, Sun
Aug. 26 (morning)
Toronto: (House of Concord), Sun Aug 26
(evening)
Glenhuron: Thur Aug 30

COLONEL C. KNAAP

Roblin Lake: Corps Officers' Refresher Course,
Mon-Thur Aug 20-23

Colonel R. Watt: Toronto Harbour Light, Sun
Sept 9

Lt.-Colonel C. Eacott: Kingston, Sat-Sun Aug
25-26

Lt.-Colonel L. Evenden: Ottawa: Thur Sept
13 (Men's Social Service Centre opening)

Lt.-Colonel C. Hilltz: Toronto Harbour Light,
Sun Aug 26

Lt.-Colonel O. Welbourn: Toronto Harbour
Light: Sun Sept 16

SCROLLS REVEAL IMPORTANT DATES

AN Israeli archaeological expert,
Professor Y. Yadin, of the Uni-
versity of Jerusalem, referring to
the many scrolls found in the Dead
Sea area, said that the primary
importance of the discovery is that
documents are dated, many of
them with the year, month and day.
Written in Hebrew, Aramaic and
Greek, the scrolls, said to be the
largest collection uncovered in the
Holy Land so far, deal with the
years 88-135 A.D., and relate to the
last Jewish revolt against Rome.

The discoveries also included
metal tolls and coins. Because of
the dry atmospheric conditions in
the cave, clothing and other perish-
able materials which are usually
not found in archaeological expedi-
tions were also uncovered.

It was noted that many of the
newly-unearthed documents have
dates according to the years of
reign of the old Roman emperors
and the consuls in Rome, as well as
the local calendar.

All the documents are on papyrus,
except for Biblical fragments on
parchment, from the books of Num-
bers and Psalms, which were among
the earliest uncovered in the tradi-
tional Hebrew text of the Bible.

A CAPTAIN OF THE DEVIL

By ENVOY FAVIE NAVARRO, Pioneer of Salvation Army Work
On Cebu Island

MY religious training began early,
for I had my primary education
in a church school in Carcar on the
island of Cebu (Central Philippines).
One Sunday I attended church, and at
twelve years of age took my first
communion. Yet, in spite of religious
training, I learned during later years
at the public school to cheat and
gamble.

At nineteen I married, but was
not happy. I went about seeking my
own enjoyment, and my wife and I
quarrelled. Leaving her and our
three little daughters as a result of
this, I went to Hawaii, intending to
make money by gambling. I thought
that there no one could restrain me
and I could do as I pleased.

Labour troubles soon forced me to
leave the camp in which I was
employed. Although I found other
work, most of my time was spent
gambling, playing the dice game
called "seven-eleven," and becoming
experienced in cheating. From that
time I was a vagabond, forgetting
my family in the Philippines and
becoming a captain of the Devil.

Seven years later I had my first
contact with The Salvation Army.
The Envoy who conducted an open-
air meeting in the camp of the
Hawaiian Pineapple Company, on the
island of Molokai, told the story of
Nicodemus. There, by the card table,
God's Spirit convicted me. He lifted
me from sin, and I was converted!

During the next few years I be-
came a local officer in The Salvation
Army and then an Envoy. I returned
to the Philippines for my family in
March, 1936.

My wife, however, would not
agree to go to Hawaii with me, so
I began to work for the Lord in
Carcar. The mayor granted my re-
quest to hold meetings and my
family became the first converts.

Four or five other Salvationists
had also returned to the Philippines
from Hawaii and were conducting
meetings in or near their homes. For
that reason Major Giles came to
visit the Philippines to look into the

possibility of officially opening
Army work. He arrived in February,
1937.

The Major came to Carcar to dedi-
cate the bamboo hall we had built.
He also dedicated my son, Brengle,
who had been born after my return
to the Philippines, the first boy in
the islands to be dedicated to God in
The Salvation Army. At the same
visit the members my family were
enrolled as soldiers.

Together with Major Giles and
Corps Sergeant-Major Hipolito
Remocaldo, we went to the capital
of the island, Cebu City, to work for
the Lord.

As a result of the report made by
Major Giles, Colonel Alfred Lind-
vall and a party of missionaries came
in June, 1937, to "open fire".

When the Japanese entered, we
were forced to evacuate to Carcar.
Captain Thore Svenson (Swedish
missionary then in charge of the
corps) stayed with us a few months.
Before he left he said to me, "Envoy
Navarro, except for two buildings,
all Cebu City is in ashes. It will take
a long time, perhaps ten years, be-
fore we can have a building again in
Cebu."

After the liberation of Cebu City
we returned to it in 1945 to reopen
Army work. We built a small bam-
boo hall for meetings and also re-
ceived food for the relief of war vic-
tims. Morning, noon and night we
served food. With the aid of the
American servicemen we built, in
fact, two halls, and many souls were
saved.

My wife and I continued to work
in Cebu until 1948, when Lt.-Colonel
George S. Arndt, the Divisional
Commander, sent us orders to go to
Lanao province, on the island of
Mindanao. Some months later, after
finding a suitable location, we
moved to Ozamis City (Mindanao)
to begin Army work there. There we
continued to labour until 1958, when
we were again sent to Cebu City,
where, by God's grace, we are still
labouring for Him.

SALVATION ARMY BOOKS AND BIBLES

Amplified New Testament	\$ 4.15
New English Bible (New Testament)	4.50
board cover	1.75
Oxford Bible #A58lay	6.50
Oxford Bible #A58¼	6.00
Oxford Bible #A26ly	5.95
Oxford Reference Bible #A179ly	9.00
Oxford Reference Bible #XA170ly	8.50
World—#604Z—zipper closing	4.25
World—#209Z—zipper closing	3.95
World—#231CZ—zipper closing	4.95
Rainbow—for children	3.00
World—#212B	2.50
World—#211	2.75
William Booth—Minnie Lindsay Carpenter	.55
Miriam Booth—Minnie Lindsay Carpenter	.65
William Booth—2 volumes—Harold Begbie	4.50
The First Salvationist and other stories—Frederick L. Coutts	.85
The Hallelujah Army—Harry Edward Neal	5.95
What Hath God Wrought—Arnold Brown	2.50
The Founder Speaks Again—writings by the Founder	1.80
General Without A Gun—Charles Ludwig	2.20
Victory Book #3—First Salvationist—Frederick L. Coutts	.15
Trumpet of Salvation—Norman E. Nygaard	2.75
The Salvationist at Work—Fred Brown	.70
The Salvationist at Prayer—Fred Brown	.30
Social Evils the Army Has Challenged—S. Carvosso Gauntlett	.45
Companion to the Song Book—Gordon Avery	3.65
Soul Winner's Corner—Leslie Pindred	1.50

PRICES SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE

The Salvation Army Trade Hdqrs., 259 Victoria Street, Toronto 2, Ont.

Missing Persons

The Salvation Army will assist in the
search for missing relatives. Please read
the list below, and if you know the
present address of any person listed, or
any information which will be helpful in
continuing the search kindly contact the
Men's Social Service Secretary, 20 Albert
Street, Toronto; marking your envelope
"Inquiry."

BROOK, James Harry. Age 44. Prominent
nose. Has worked as waiter in taverns,
also painting and salesman. Believed to
be in Toronto. Required in connection
with property matter. Relative inquiring.
17-638

CAMPBELL, Sharon Rose, née Jackson.
Age 19, 5'2", 105 lbs, dark hair. Separated
from husband Jerry. Has lived in
Lindsay, Ont. Last heard from Feb 1962
from Madoo, Ont. Mother very anxious.
17-607

DIMPSEY, John Henry. Born in London,
England on Jan 6/1915. Missing from
home in London, England since Oct 1960.
Has been 17 years in British Army. Has
experience in cooking. Thought to be a
prison officer in Canada. Relative inquir-
ing. 17-619

EGLIN, Georg. Born March 23/1919 in
Krottingen, Lithuania. Last known
address Rolphoton, Ont. Relative in USSR
inquiring. 17-642

FAWCETT, David. Age about 18. Born
at Owen Sound, Ont. Son of J. J. and
Beatrice Fawcett. Lived on farm in Owen
Sound district. Relative inquiring. 17-621

FYFFE, David. Born in Montreal in 1913.
Son of David and Jessie Fyffe, née Simp-
son. Learned printing trade, may be
compositor. Required in connection with
an estate. 17-578

HALL, Thomas. Born April 5/1900 at
Shiney Row, County Durham, England.
Mother's maiden name Dawson. Has been
embalmer. Tattooed on arm (entwined

TRAVELLING?

Ocean passages arranged to all
parts of the world.

Passports secured (Canadian or
British)

Foreign Railway Tickets procured
Accident and Baggage Insurance
Underwritten by The Salvation
Army Immigration and Travel
Agency: 20 Albert Street, Toronto,
EM 2-1071; 1620 Notre Dame Street
West, Montreal, P.Q., WE 5-7425
2495 East 7th Avenue, Vancouver,
B.C., HA. 5328 L.

hearts, "True love, Emily"). Came to
Canada 27 years ago. Last heard of 10
years ago in Toronto. Daughter inquiring.
17-626

HARMSEN, Jantje (maiden name)
Born Aug 1/1923. Came to Canada from
Holland in 1945. Name by first marriage
Azevedo. Divorced. Married again but
name not known. Father died, mother
wishes to contact. 17-652

KINOS, Mr. Pentti Juhani. Born Oct 16/
1927 in Finland. Came to Canada about
1955. Last heard from in 1961 in Sudbury,
Ont. Said to have moved to Vancouver.
Mother anxious. 17-630

LEGER, Joseph Marcel Etienne (nick-
name Kenneth). Born Feb 16/1929 at
Bearn, Quebec. 5'5", small build. Carpen-
ter. Left home at Stratford, Ont. on April
9/1962. Wife and family anxious. 17-657

LUTZ, Reinhold. Born 1927. Ukrainian.
Came to Canada Sept 14/1954 on "Castel
Pelice", with Mrs. Rose Huhn, née Lutz.
Relative in USSR inquiring. 17-595

MARVIN, Edith Vera (Mrs. Don Nicol)
Born June 11/1921 in Alberta. Has been
chambermaid in hotel. Last heard from
in 1954 from Toronto. Relatives anxious.
17-649

NIKUNEN, Ahti Albert. Born June 13/
1915 in Finland. Seaman. Last heard from
Aug 1958 in Montreal. Sister inquiring.
17-629

SHIPLEY, Leonard C. Age about 42. Has
been in Colonel Mewburn Hospital, Ed-
monton, Alta. with nervous breakdown.
Wife in England very anxious. 17-537

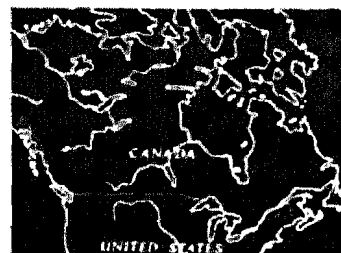
SOUTHER, Marcel. Born June 4/1936
at Val D'Or, Quebec. French. Slightly
lame. Usually works in hotels. Has lived
in North Bay. May be in Toronto or
Hamilton, Ont. Foster-mother inquiring.
17-637

TRONOWICZ, Mr. Sigismundo (Sigi).
Born in Granada, Spain May 19/1929. 5'9",
145 lbs., light blue eyes, blonde hair. Has
been employed at King Edward Hotel,
Toronto. Mother anxious for news. 17-635

WARRELOW, William. Born July 5/
1938 or 39 in Staffordshire, England.
Came to Canada from Overton-on-Dee,
Denbigh, England. Mother now lives at
Marchington, Uttoxeter, England. Last
heard from in 1956 from Pickering, Ont.,
also been in Mount Elgin, Ont. Brother in
Hong Kong inquiring. 17-639

THE CHIEF SECRETARY'S COMMENTS

NEWSY ITEMS FROM ACROSS THE TERRITORY
GATHERED BY COLONEL H. G. WALLACE



THIS WEEK'S COMMENT—"In a sense, prayer is like telephoning. On the phone we talk to someone we do not see, but we hear him and our conversation is real. We learn from it; get pleasure from it; we find someone real by it. Telephoning requires that someone be at the other end, willing to listen and to talk. It makes sense."

FOUNDER ANNIVERSARY—As you will see, this issue of "The War Cry" commemorates the fiftieth anniversary of the Founder's promotion to Glory, and will serve to remind all Salvationists that the occasion will be observed at all corps and institutions on Sunday, August 19th. We will all take this opportunity of thanking God for this "Noble Legacy".

THE 1962 CONGRESSES—Plans are well in hand in connection with the annual congress series this year, when the Chief of the Staff and Mrs. Commissioner Erik Wickberg will be our leaders. The Vancouver Congress will be held from Friday, September 28th to Monday, October 1st, and the Toronto Congress from Friday, October 12th to Monday, October 15th. Much interest is already being taken in these gatherings. En route to Toronto, the Chief of the Staff will conduct meetings at Calgary on Thursday, October 4th, and carry out weekend appointments at Winnipeg. Our distinguished international visitors will be accompanied throughout by the Territorial Commander and Mrs. Commissioner Wycliffe Booth.

JOINS THE RETIRED—Mrs. Colonel Arthur Cameron has joined that illustrious group of officers with an (R) at the end of their name. Our comrade has given many years of faithful service, first of all as a single corps officer and for over thirty-one years as the helpmeet of her highly-esteemed husband, who was recently promoted to Glory. Mrs. Cameron will be residing at 81 Randolph Road, Toronto 17. We all pray that God will richly bless and lead her in the coming days.

A VETERAN CALLED HOME—Commissioner Samuel Hepburn, the Territorial Commander for the United States Central Territory, and his brother, Lt.-Colonel James Hepburn, also of the U.S.A., visited

Toronto to attend the funeral of their step-mother, Cradle Roll Sergeant Mrs. Janet Hepburn, the No. 1 soldier of the Dovercourt Corps. It was of great interest to the writer to hear Brigadier L. Ede (R), who conducted the services, say that our promoted comrade had been the cradle roll sergeant at her home corps for forty-four years, holding the position until her passing, and that during that period over 500 babies had been made members of the cradle roll. Who can estimate what this service alone has meant to the Kingdom of God?

MISSIONARY OFFICERS—Added to the list of Canadian missionary officers who are on furlough in their homeland at present should now be the names of Captain and Mrs. John Nelson, the corps officers at Jamaica, in the Central America and West Indies Territory. The Captain is the son of Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. John Nelson, the divisional leaders for Western Ontario, who are rejoicing greatly at the home coming.

OFFICERS' REFRESHER COURSE—The Field Secretary, Colonel C. Knaap, has the arrangements well in hand in connection with the Corps Officers' Refresher Course to be held at the Roblin Lake Camp, in the Mid-Ontario Division. Forty will be attending the course, which will be of great benefit to them all.

CORRECTIONAL SERVICES—Lt.-Colonel J. Clinton Eacott, Territorial Director of Correctional Service, advises that in a period of twelve months 9,204 visits were made by officers to police courts throughout the country, in the course of which 38,048 people were interviewed and 9,675 interceded for at the Bench. In addition, 5,369 visits were made to prisons, during which 34,259 people were interviewed and 10,651 letters were written for prisoners. What stories can be told of the 177 men and women who have been helped by our correctional officers to find a new way of life, helped by a strength outside their own—the power of the Risen Christ!

BIBLE SCHOOL MINISTRY—For over a quarter of a century, Adjutant and Mrs. F. Barker, officers pensioned from active service, have maintained a summer Bible school at their home on the shores of Cameron Lake, Fenelon Falls, Ont. This summer the effort has again proved successful, as enthusiastic reports of the meetings, "Living Word" shows, picnics and the "happy hour" periods for children have come in. It is hoped that a complete report of the summer activities will be published when the season closes.

BOUND FOR ENGLAND—On Wednesday, August 1st, Colonel and Mrs. Leslie Russell, following homeland furlough from missionary service, left Toronto on their way to England. They sailed from Montreal the next day. After thirty-one years in India, the Colonel was recently appointed Assistant Finance Secretary at International Headquarters. We pray God's blessing upon these worthy Canadian officers.

BEREAVED—Our deepest sympathies go to Mrs. Lt.-Colonel William Pedlar, the wife of Alberta's Divisional Commander, who has been bereaved by the passing of her sister, Mrs. Captain J. Clark, of Alexandria, Virginia.

A PRAYER—"God grant me serenity to accept the things I cannot change, courage to change things I can, and wisdom to know the difference. Amen."

HOME LEAGUERS MEET IN CAMP

At Lac L'Achigan

A beautiful Lac L'Achigan home league members gathered from corps in the Quebec and Eastern Ontario Division to gain useful knowledge of handicrafts and to be strengthened spiritually.

After Mrs. Brigadier C. Sim called in the logbooks and welcomed Mrs. Colonel C. Knaap the delegates were greatly moved by reports of the missionary child adoption programme for which so many home leagues have shown whole-hearted enthusiasm. Money raised through Self-Denial efforts, cooking sales, strawberry socials, apron sales, special teas, and the showing of slides had been sent to Malaya, Bermuda, Africa, Pakistan, Leopoldville, Formosa.

The strides which have been made by home league groups formed in old folks' homes was noted with pleasure as Mrs. Captain R. Smith described her recent experiences at Glen St. Dun Lodge.

Spiritual uplift was presented in messages of Mrs. Colonel Knaap, Mrs. Major L. Titcombe, and Mrs. Brigadier Sim, and other appreciated features were a duet by Mrs. Captain W. Kerr and Captain S. Lewis, a solo by Mrs. Colonel Knaap, trio by Mrs. Major J. Dougall, Mrs. Lowell and Mrs. Thompson, and a duet by visiting cadets. Major M. Webb enlightened all in her talk on understanding teen-agers in the space age.

Friendships made whilst enjoying the excellent meals will long be remembered, as will the crafts of footstools, snacktrays, driftwood and Easter hats and the demonstrations of cakes, chocolates, "Kleenex" boxes, Christmas cards, and stuffed toys.

An award for the largest increase in membership over a six-month period went to Mrs. Captain Smith, on behalf of the Cornwall Home League.

At Sandy Hook

THE Manitoba and North-West Ontario camp season, under the guidance of the Divisional Commander and Mrs. Lt.-Colonel A. Moulton, opened with the arrival of home league delegates from almost every corps in the division. The special guest was Mrs. Lt.-Colonel F. Moulton, of Toronto, whose theme was "Homes Beautiful".

The auditorium was suitably arranged and decorated to represent a garden and, throughout the session, continual reference was made to the possibility of life being lived in such a manner as to exude something of the influence and beauty of a lovely garden. The women enjoyed several new crafts and the sharing of ideas useful in the conducting of weekly meetings in small and large settings.

Highlighting the series of gatherings were the devotional meetings, which were shared for the first time by the leaguers on a Sunday. Much appreciation was expressed for this happy arrangement, and the spiritual inspiration gained will long be cherished by those who participated.

DIVISIONAL LEADERS INSTALLED

THE installation of the new Divisional Commander for New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, Brigadier H. Roberts, and Mrs. Roberts was held at Moncton, the corps from which the Brigadier became an officer. The public welcome meeting was led by the Staff Secretary, Lt.-Colonel A. Dixon, at one time in command of the division.

The meeting was opened by the Divisional Youth Secretary, Captain A. Waters, who introduced Lt.-Colonel Dixon. Words of welcome were extended by Mrs. Sr.-Captain R. Walker, of Charlottetown, P.E.I., on behalf of the women officers and soldiers. Mr. R. Miller, Chairman of the Moncton Advisory Board, also expressed pleasure in welcoming Brigadier and Mrs. Roberts, referring to their enviable record and extensive travelling experiences.

Bandmaster L. Humphrey, on behalf of the local officers of the division, welcomed back former Moncton bandmen as the Divisional Commander. Captain J. Barr, of Saint John, spoke on behalf of the Social Service and Public Relations Departments. The Moncton Band and Songster Brigade rendered musical selections.

Mrs. Brigadier Roberts expressed gladness at being in the division, and of her belief that life should be a challenge to Salvationists, and not a compromise. The Brigadier thanked all those who had taken part in the warm welcome, and spoke of his enthusiasm for the responsibilities connected with his new duties and of his confidence in the future undertakings of the division.

The Staff Secretary charged the Divisional Commander and Mrs. Brigadier Roberts with the tasks of leadership and reminded the congregation of the importance of shared responsibility in Christian service.

In an afternoon officers' councils the divisional leaders were welcomed, and the Staff Secretary gave a stirring Bible message.

THE CALL WAS PERSISTENT

Sr.-Major Albert Fleischer Had A Ringing Testimony

TRAINED in Bern, Switzerland, Sr.-Major Albert Fleischer (R) was commissioned as a Salvation Army officer at the age of twenty, which responsibilities he later relinquished. Coming to Canada while the West was still a pioneer community, he established, in Regina, a successful business.

The call of God, however, was persistent and, leaving behind all worldly successes, with his wife he again entered the ranks of officer-ship.

While his career was spent entirely as a corps officer, the Major was noted for his welfare and police court contacts wherever he was stationed. Sr.-Major and Mrs. Fleischer spent eleven years in charge of Fort William Corps.

In retirement he served as a soldier with unflagging zeal, and crowned his life of devotion to God with a ringing final testimony. A well-attended memorial service was conducted at Parkdale Citadel, Ottawa, by the Commanding Officer, Major J. Dougall. The band and songster brigade paid their musical tribute.

The funeral was conducted in Toronto by the Divisional Com-

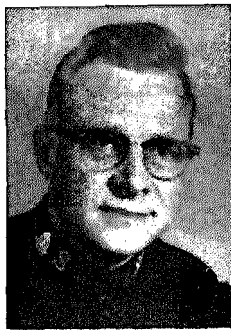


mander for Southern Ontario, Brigadier W. Ross. Songster Mrs. T. Green sang, and Mrs. Colonel T. Mundy (R) and Major Dougall paid tribute. In his comments, the leader urged all present to prepare, through Christ, for a similar appearance before His Throne. The committal ceremony in Mount Pleasant Cemetery was also led by Brigadier Ross.

Mrs. Major Fleischer was supported by her daughter, Mrs. Major C. Fisher, who travelled from Germany for the funeral.

PROMOTED TO GLORY

Major Ambrose Cummings (R) was promoted to Glory on Tuesday, July 31st, at the age of eighty-three. The funeral services were conducted at the Jerrett Funeral Chapel, and Mount Pleasant Cemetery, Toronto, by Colonel Gilbert Best (R).



BRIGADIER
ARNOLD BROWN

Eighty Years In Canada

By BRIGADIER ARNOLD BROWN

A review of a glorious chapter
in the religious history of the
Dominion.

CANADA is no longer a colony, and present-day Canadians find the term unpalatable. Instead, they are proud of Canada's new nationhood. But colonization had its boons; and from the Atlantic-swept shores of Prince Edward Island (where the Colony became a Confederation) to the rugged reaches of the Pacific north-west, Canadians would agree that the advent of The Salvation Army was a valuable boon indeed.

The two English colonists who wove the leading threads of Salvationism into the fabric of Canadian life were young men hardly out of their teens. The surprise meeting of Jack Addie and Joe Ludgate in a mid-week prayer meeting in London, Ontario, was such a confluence of passion that within fifteen years a 4,500-mile-long conquering banner of yellow, red and blue had been draped across a land so vast that it occupied 3½ million square miles, even though its population at the time was not as great as that of the city of London, England.

Not that this was the first manifestation of Salvation Army activity in Canada. The Addie-Ludgate meeting occurred in May, 1882, eighty years ago, and from it sprang the permanent work of the Army. Two years before, however, returning from New York to England, Commissioner George Scott Railton had debarked at Halifax, N.S., and held an open-air meeting. He was intense and the crowd was responsive. In fact, the open-air meeting went on so long that Railton missed his boat. In his enforced ten-day stay he held drawing-room and open-air meetings, and while no established work followed, the record would not be accurate or complete without this mention.

First Building

The permanent beginnings of the Army were really "a tale of two cities." About June, 1882, a family by the name of Freer began to hold Salvation Army meetings in Toronto. In August of the same year officers arrived from the United States, and the work became officially recognized. Before the same year ran out, a commissioning of officers took place in London; and less than six months later the Army had erected its first building in Toronto. One year later, on May 10th, 1884, the Founder declared the Army in Canada to be a territorial command. In his official letter he stated: "Nobody can have bigger hopes than I have with regard to the future in Canada."

If "there is a tide in the affairs of men" it was surely "taken at the flood" by Addie and Ludgate, by the Freers, and those who joined them. In few countries of the world has the Army "grown up" so commensurately with the nation itself. Only a century and a half earlier the native Indian was being displaced by his French and English conquerors. Only fifteen years before the Army's appearance had the nation been born. There was no long history to make The Salvation Army seem like a "Johnny-come-lately." Canadian history was only just being made, and The Salvation Army was a lively part of it.

The history of The Salvation Army in Canada is easily segmented. First, a period of sweeping, incredible progress despite sharp persecu-

tion. Then religious revival, flaming as no other before or since, leaping Cabot Strait to fan its way across Newfoundland; racing westward to the Pacific and Alaska; spanning 700 miles of ocean to burn brightly in the islands of Bermuda. Then, difficulty; novelty's edge was dulled and a stern battle against indifference was necessary. And, finally, resurgence of spiritual effectiveness and public recognition, with almost a quarter million immigrants moving into Canada under Salvation Army auspices, until the present, with the Army's steady growth, increasing services, and mounting goodwill.

Pitched Battles

Canadian beginnings were dramatic and splashed with colour. It was a honeymooning couple that began the work of the Army in Newfoundland. The bride was carried into large auditoria over the heads of the people, so great were the crushes for the first meetings. A field force of seven officers followed the soundings to the Klondike during one of the world's most amazing rushes for gold. Carrying their own heavy packs, the Salvationists toiled over the Chilkoot Pass, then for thirteen days rowed the turbulent, glacial waters for more than 500 miles, shooting rapids and avoiding sand bars, to "open fire" on Dawson City. Meanwhile miracles were happening on the banks of the mighty Nass and Skeena Rivers, where native Indians drawn from totem worship and orgiastic potlatches welcomed adventuring, missionary officers. There was not only violence to contend against, but arson as well.

In one major city two new citadels were burned to the ground, one after the other, as soon as they were erected. There were pitched battles with knives and guns in cities where religious feelings ran high, with one memorable episode, now referred to as "the battle of the basilica," resulting in the wounding and maiming of Salvationists. Later, there was dramatic colour of a more sombre shade when, in 1914, the *Empress of Ireland* collided with a Norwegian collier and sank in the icy waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The tragedy carried 167 Salvationists en route to an international congress, most of them leading officers, to a watery grave.

But Salvation Army endeavour was not all colour; there was conquest and consolidation as well. The sympathy of Salvationists resulted in the birth, in 1892, of the League of Mercy—the visitation of the forgotten in home, hospital or other institution—a benign ministry that has since spread to many parts of the Army world. In 1894 the Founder's sixty-fifth birthday anniversary was marked in Canada by the inauguration of many notable social service projects. An industrial colony was set up. A Salvation "Navy" took the Gospel to seacoast and lakeshore. Depots and shelters for the homeless and the hungry, for the ex-prisoner and drunkard, were expanded. The "black maria" of the police was matched by the "red maria" of The Salvation Army. One vehicle took the unfortunates to prison, the other met them when released, and sped them to shelter and a new start.

Later, came the most daring enterprise of all. In 1906 a large hospital was opened in Winnipeg, the forerunner of a chain of general and maternity hospitals that now form part of a great network of social service facilities.

Two world wars brought both heartache and opportunity to The Salvation Army in Canada. Red Shield services for the troops took Salvationists to all parts of the earth where Canadian soldiers were

stationed. Millions of comforts were prepared and distributed. Auxiliary officers accompanied the servicemen into battle areas to make a "home away from home" and to provide a "quiet place" that would fulfil its spiritual purpose despite the roar and agony.

It is an astonishing and gratifying thing how swiftly and surely The Salvation Army in Canada was established as a force for righteousness. Its recognition as one of the major religious denominations, with membership in the Canadian Council of Churches, has prevented a blurring of first purposes by the phenomenal growth of the Army's social service enterprises. The Army's duality of structure—denomination/agency—seems clear to the majority of Canadians, and present-day Salvationists intend to keep it so. A former prime minister of Canada, and, at the time of his recent death, chairman of The Salvation Army's National Advisory Board in Canada, the Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen, P.C., stated the position succinctly: "Some say that The Salvation Army is a social welfare agency. That is a mistake! The Salvation Army is a strong religious force with an acute social conscience."

Unquestionably, that "acute social conscience" has, in recent years, led to the erection of scores of magnificent, functional buildings serving all sorts of human ills: rehabilitation centres for men, Harbour Light centres for the treatment of alcoholics; homes for the care of unmarried mothers; children's villages; probation accommodation for juvenile delinquents; receiving and emergency homes; as well as some of the finest residences for aged men and women to be found anywhere in the world. That "acute social conscience" has also led the Army in Canada into struggles against national evils with beneficent results to prostitutes, drug-addicts and the

distressed in body, mind and spirit.

With 1,750 full-time officers serving in corps, institution, hospital and school, supported by a devoted soldiery, the Army has "made its way" with the Canadian people. Annually, by means of a generously publicized national Red Shield appeal, the necessary moneys are contributed not only to help maintain but to expand a work the nation admires. The future of the Army in Canada is a promising one. Spiritual fervour plus imaginative outreach in a country where natural resources are unlimited and human resources are continually increasing should mean, for The Salvation Army in Canada, by the blessing of God, a future brighter than its already bright past.

A former Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Ontario, the Hon. Albert Matthews, LL.D., once observed: "The influence and achievements of The Salvation Army in Canada are out of all proportion to the number of its effectives; so much appears to be done by so few." It is not an inconsiderable few, however. From nearly 400 citadels, junior and senior soldiers move out with bands and banners to proclaim the "unsearchable riches of Christ." To those same citadels still come those who need salvation and who, at the ever-evident mercy-seat, find it!

It may be only eighty years since The Salvation Army manifested itself in Canada—one man's generous lifetime—but in that time, from the red-hot purpose of two young Salvationists in 1882, has grown the movement which, in 1962, is a vital and appreciated part of Canadian life and thought and, it is hoped, an indispensable part of the Kingdom of God.

WHAT IS THE SALVATION ARMY?

THE movement which, in 1878, became known as The Salvation Army, originated in the Christian Mission meetings conducted in London, thirteen years previously, by the Rev. William Booth. Its primary aim is to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ to men and women untouched by ordinary religious efforts. As Ian MacLaren once declared: "The Salvation Army makes religion where there was no religion before."

The Christian Mission grew beyond all expectations. In due course, in the interest of more effective warfare against evil, a military form of organization, with uniforms and other distinctive features, was adopted.

To reach the multitudes who would not enter a place of worship, open-air meetings and marches were organized. Flags, brass bands and religious songs to "secular" tunes were further means of attraction.

All members of the organization profess to be saved from the guilt and power of sin by the grace of God. They regard themselves as "saved to save"—soldiers striving to win others for Jesus Christ. The Army's aggressive methods include selling THE WAR CRY and other periodicals from door to door, in public-houses and elsewhere, personal dealing with the unconverted, visiting and praying with folks in their homes and wherever else they may be found.

Salvation Army soldiers undertake such work in their spare time and without remuneration. Officers who are specially trained and devote their whole life to the Army's service receive a modest allowance to meet personal needs.

All Salvationists are total abstainers; indeed, The Salvation Army is the world's largest temperance organization.

Army musicians and local officers are selected only from those who refrain from the use of tobacco.

The Army believes that children can begin to love and serve God while still young, and it has a wide network of activities for them and for older young people.

The position held by women in The Salvation Army is unprecedented in history. Even in eastern lands women Salvationists have played a great part in keeping with the Army's principal of equal opportunity of service for the sexes.

General Bramwell Booth called Salvationists "servants of all". That high vocation is worked out in all the Army's activities, not least in the Goodwill work and the vast and varied social service operations.

The Army's soul-saving and social activities have spread to countries all over the world, and no distinction of class, creed or colour is made; every one is a "brother for whom Christ died".

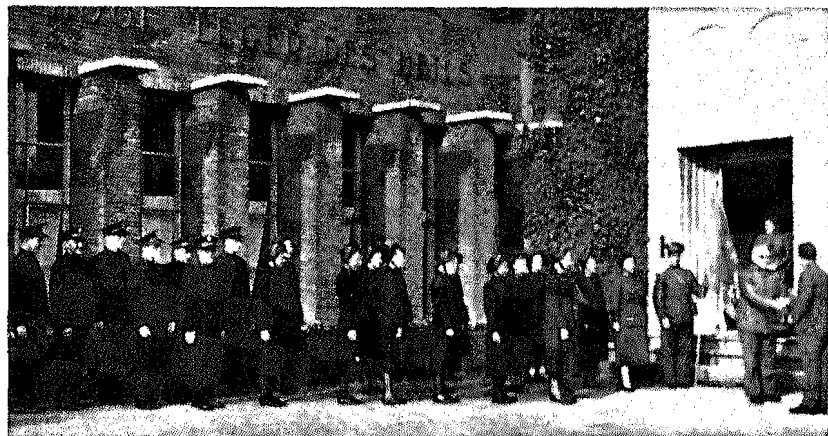
ST. John Ervine, in his study of William Booth and the movement he created, has a passage concerning a fact frequently overlooked by those not intimately acquainted with the Salvation Army's history. "The Army," he writes, "did not spread abroad by the deliberation of its leaders; it spread by the force of its own energy and strength. The branches appeared in America and Australia before Booth, busy with the trunk, in Britain, knew that they were there. They had seeded themselves."

This process of "self-seeding"—or as Salvationists prefer to call it, planting by an Unseen Hand—is one of the most fascinating features of the development of The Salvation Army. What adds to its interest is that "the force of its energy and strength has not been confined to the organization as such, but has been manifested often in the most unlikely persons."

Mr. Ervine speaks of America and Australia; let us begin there. In *The General: the Story of Evangeline Booth*, P. Whitwell Wilson has a chapter entitled, "A Stable in Philadelphia." It tells of "a family in humble circumstances . . . wholly devoid of those gifts and graces which lend distinction to personality"—father, mother and a sixteen-year-old daughter.

Disused Stable

Trade being none too good, the Shirleys migrated from Coventry, England, where they had become members of The Salvation Army. They settled in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and soon, Mr. Wilson relates, had hired a disused stable and provided it with benches. Here the girl conducted meetings after the pattern she had known in the home-



CADETS OF THE SALVATION ARMY Training College at Amstelveen, near Amsterdam, the Netherlands, parade in the college grounds to greet an international visitor. There are more than forty such officers' training schools in the world. In the Canadian Territory these are situated in Toronto and St. John's, Newfoundland.

land. Converts were made, and the Shirleys—the only Salvationists on that vast continent—begged General Booth to send reinforcements.

Only then, in February, 1880, was one of the leading men of the movement, George Scott Railton, commissioned to "open fire" in America, accompanied by seven young women-officers.

"From this stable in Philadelphia," Evangeline Booth has said, "have come free dispensaries for the suffering poor; emergency and rescue homes for the unfortunate; relief depots supplying coal and blankets in winter, ice and milk for the babies in summer; hospitals for the sick; the poor man's church; the poor mother's meeting-room; the young girl's sewing-room; the working-man's club, and a place where the hounded and the guilty can lay down their burden at the Saviour's feet and be free."

The Australian "seeding" had about it a measure of the dramatic element. An East London railwayman, John Gore, converted at a "tea meeting" of the Christian Mission—as the Army was then called—migrated to Australia. In the city of Adelaide he attended a service conducted by a visiting evangelist. When the opportunity presented itself, he rose to witness to what God had done for him. "He saved me

They Seeded Themselves

By LT.-COMMISSIONER S. CARVOSSO GAUNTLETT

in the Old Land, in the Christian Mission."

Suddenly he was interrupted by a shout from another part of the hall: "Glory be to God! and so He did me." The interrupter introduced himself after the service as Edward Saunders, a builder from Bradford, Yorkshire.

The two Salvationists at once set out to conduct meetings in the Botanic Gardens, Adelaide's open-air forum. Soon they, too, gained such a following that they appealed to General Booth for help. Officers were sent, and in the nearly eighty years since then a great and widely ramified work has grown from that beginning. In it, incidentally, two sons of Edward Saunders have risen to leading positions in the Army; their father helped to pioneer.

Sadhu Garb

In 1882 The Salvation Army started its work in India and in Sweden. The leaders of both pioneer groups happened to be well educated, a civil servant and a postmistress. But what had led to the hoisting of the flag in these so different lands?

Frederick de Lautour Tucker, an assistant magistrate in the Indian Civil Service, had already made a name for himself—and aroused some opposition—by his evangelistic activities. He was wondering how to extend these to the Indians, when a

indication of the present-day position—resulting from "the invalid's having become the pioneer."

The Army's notable and many-sided work in the islands of Indonesia traces its inception to an incident during furlough of a Colonial civil servant, son of a high-ranking Dutch military officer. With a companion he spent a "gay time" in Paris but, soon after having left to visit relatives in Holland, was recalled by a telegram from his friend: "Have found something interesting."

That "something interesting" was *L'Armee du Salut*. The civil servant's friend had found Christ at the penitent-form and, though both had been agnostics, both soon rejoined in the same salvation. The civil servant became a Salvation Army officer at Amsterdam. After a while he succeeded in persuading the Founder to extend the Army's influence to the Netherlands Colonies, where his own familiarity with languages and customs proved most valuable.

In pre-war Austria already the Army had a flourishing work in Gablons. A native of that town had met the Army, and through it found God—in South Africa, whither he had gone on a trading enterprise. He died just before his repeated request was fulfilled and a corps was opened in his home-town, but his name is not forgotten.

Army beginnings in North Italy go back to the conversion of a young student from the Waldensian valleys at the Army's famous Regent Hall in London's West End. When he returned home, he carried with him a good dose of Salvationism, and International Headquarters was soon being implored to send an officer to take charge of the converts won by Fritz Malan, who afterward rose to Colonel's rank and became widely known as a saint and a soulful singer.

The story of the "self-seeding" in Canada reminds one of that in Australia. Young Jack Addie, from Jarrow-on-Tyne, migrates with his parents to London, Ontario. As a Salvationist, he is soon conducting cottage prayer meetings, and within a few months wins thirty persons for his Master.

By Post

One evening a stranger in the meeting concludes his testimony with a Salvation Army song, the first Addie has heard since leaving England. The singer, too, is a Salvationist, and on the following Sunday Jack Addie and he are conducting open-air services, hitherto unheard of in Canada. The work spreads and, as the Founder has no officers available, both young men are commissioned Captains by post. They were the pioneers of the influential work that has spread throughout the vast Dominion.

On a tour in French Equatorial Africa, Lt.-Colonel Charles Houze was 200 miles from his headquarters in Brazzaville when he came upon a company of Christians calling themselves Salvationists. Mama Albertine, their leader, had been converted in a Salvation Army meeting while visiting Brazzaville and had returned to her native Dolisie and commenced the Army's work on her own initiative. That had been seven years before, and Lt.-Colonel Houze found 500 or more converts ready and waiting to be sworn-in as soldiers when the Army should have someone to send to be their leader.

The Army's first contacts with the Philippine Islands were equally casual. Over sixty years ago a Salvationist-chaplain with the American forces led meetings in a leper colony and a penal establishment there. It was forty years later that people who had met the Army and become

converted in the Hawaiian Islands returned to the Philippines. Envoy Abeldardo, a blind Salvationist, began corps work and built halls on the island of Panay. Envoy F. Navarro did something similar on Cebu, and Brother H. Remocaldo on the island of Mindanao. Later a convert from Cebu established an outpost on Leyte island. As a result the Army's work in the Philippines was officially inaugurated in June, 1937. More recently comrades from Manila Central Corps on Luzon and Patnongan on Panay have begun senior and young people's meetings on Mindoro.

Away in Alaska tradition was stronger than the white man's law and, in spite of threatened penalties, tribal chiefs persisted in carrying out their own cruel sentences on wrongdoers in their midst, instead of submitting to the jurisdiction of a properly established court as American administration insisted they should. A man named Darrow was arrested and sentenced to imprisonment. He missed the freedom of his lakes and rivers, his roving life with dog-sleigh and canoe, but in jail he heard a woman preach—she was Emma Booth-Tucker, daughter of the Army's Founder. The Indian sought salvation and so exemplary was his life and conduct after conversion that he was released on parole.

Not a Marshal

The Indian friends and relatives who were to welcome him home to the distant village of Kalwock, nestling on the rugged shore of Prince of Wales Island, were surprised to see him in a uniform. They thought at first that the man who had meted out justice in Indian fashion was now returned as a United States marshal, and had come to arrest the man and wife among them who ran an illicit still and others who might in some way be infringing the law. The makers of "moonshine" ran home to destroy the evidence.

Darrow repeated in many forms and with unfailing earnestness the story which had won his heart and changed his life, and others were won by it, including the owners of the shebeen. From these converts came the first Salvation Army soldiers and one of the largest corps in Alaska.

Another young Tsimshian Indian brave who conceived the idea of taking the Gospel to his own tribe went to Victoria, on Vancouver Island, where he met The Salvation Army. He became a bandsman, giving his testimony in the open-air and delighting in the Army's martial methods. Deep in his heart, however, he longed for the day when he could go back to his own village and put what he had seen into practice among his own people.

Torn Down

On his return to Port Simpson he immediately enlisted the help of some friendly villagers and erected a large tepee in which he proceeded to hold enthusiastic salvation meetings. The native people opposed this strange religion with violence, the church folk took their stand against him, angry opponents broke up the march as the Salvationist went singing, "We're a band that shall conquer the foe."

A notice on the village hall stated that persons holding open-air meetings would be arrested, and when the notice was torn down and meetings held in spite of it, the Salvationists and their leader found themselves in jail. The government sent word that Salvationists were at liberty to continue their meetings and so the work quickly became established.

The story is an endless one. Examples could be culled from the histories of Salvationism in a score of other lands. Like the first Christians, the Army's converts have gone forth, moved by a sense of urgency and the call to win men to God, and this has led to St. John Ervine's pregnant comment: "They had seeded themselves."

TALKING THEIR LANGUAGE

The Salvation Army is a religious force with an acute social conscience. In war and peace it has been steadfast in well-doing. One of its mottoes has been "Two things stand like stone: Kindness in another's trouble, courage in one's own."

Arthur Meighen



"Now, let's have a chat about it!"



"I know what MY move would be!"



"Our message of salvation is for you."



"In the name of the General I accept you as soldiers of The Salvation Army."



"What God has done for the Harbour Light converts He can do for you."



"We will see that you and the child are cared for."



"Give me the particulars; I am sure we can do something to help."

**THE HELPING HAND
HELPS ONE TO STAND**